















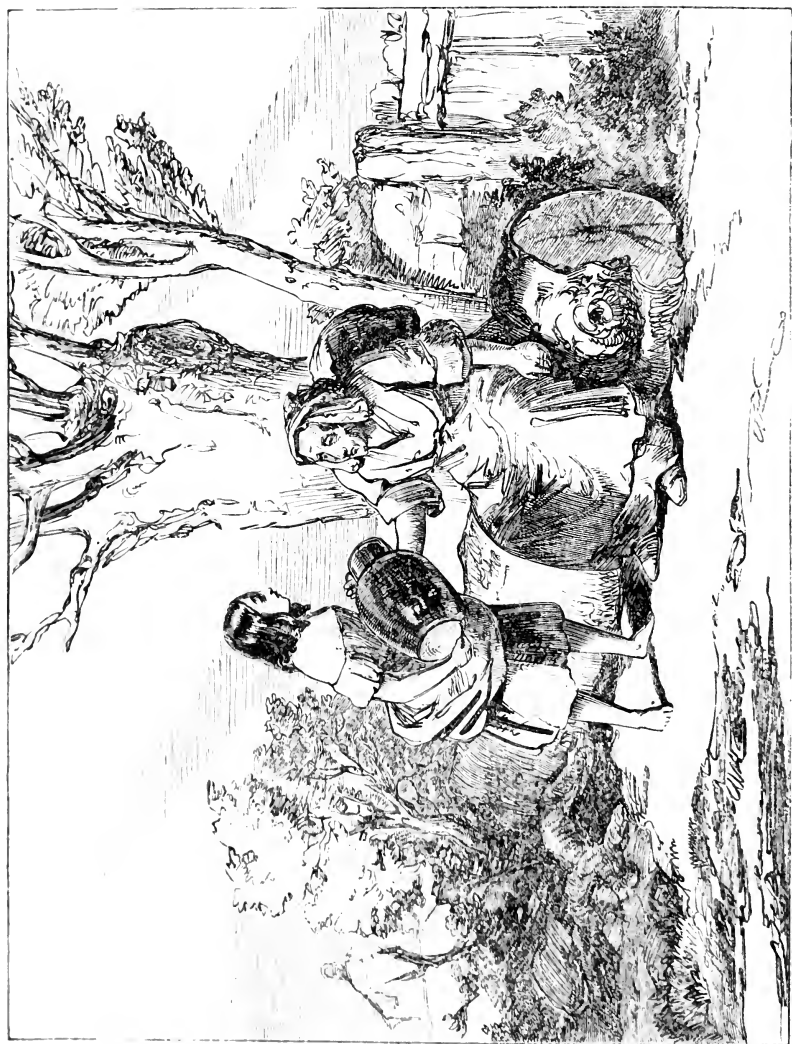
# PATTY AND HER PITCHER.

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PAT-TY was the most charm-ing lit-tle girl in her na-tive vil-lage, and so all the neigh-bours said; and what e-ve-ry bo-dy said we are bound to be-lieve. It must be re-mem-ber-ed that it is ve-ry dif-fi-cult to get such a cha-rac-ter; but when chil-dren do get it, you may be sure they de-serve it. Pat-ty did de-serve it, for she lo-ved e-ve-ry body and e-ve-ry thing; and, in re-turn, she was re-ward-ed by the love of all who knew her. The pi-ge-ons flew down from their lit-tle house to coo round her: the fowls fed from her hand: the cat roll-ed over her feet, and purr-ed out her fond-ness; and e-ven the stea-dy old dog Bluff, put him-self to the trou-ble of cut-ting most strange an-tics and gam-bols when-e-ver he could at-tract her at-ten-tion. They all knew ve-ry well how kind and good she was, al-though they could not do as their neigh-bours did, say so.

Her in-dus-try was also most com-mend-a-ble; for when she was no high-er than your knee, she u-sed to bus-tle a-bout and do lit-tle things in the most han-dy man-ner; and, as for sew-ing, she was the pat-tern child at the dame's school, where her sam-pler was hung up in state, that the o-ther chil-dren should see what might be done by in-dus-try and at-ten-ti-on.

When she went to the neigh-bour-ing spring, to dip her pitch-er in-to its bright bub-bling wa-ter, she would war-ble out her sweet lit-tle bal-lads with a voice that ar-rest-ed the at-ten-



ti-on of a-ny one in her vi-ci-ni-ty, for her heart was full of joy-ous lit-tle im-pul-ses, the con-se-quent re-sult of be-ing good and a-mi-a-ble. Up-on one of the lit-tle jour-neys to the spring, com-men-ced the great e-vent of her life, which I now sit down to write. It will show ve-ry dis-tinct-ly the ne-ces-si-ty and the con-se-quence of good feel-ing for e-ve-ry bo-dy; for love and kind-ness be-stow-ed al-ways re-turms ten-fold to the giv-er, as it did to her.

Well, then, to be-gin the sto-ry, as I have now told you all a-bout Pat-ty and her good-ness. Pat-ty had fill-ed her pitch-er at the spring, and it was no tri-fle to car-ry when full, and was car-ry-ing it home with some lit-tle dif-fi-cul-ty, when, al-most in sight of her cot-tage, she saw a poor old tra-vel-stain-ed wo-man sit-ting, as if o-ver-come with the fa-tigue of a long jour-ney, up-on the trunk of a fall-en tree. Her face was as brown as a nut, and co-ver-ed with a com-plete net-work of wrin-kles, and her poor eyes were dull and sunk-en. At her back was tied a large bun-dle, which was quite e-nough for a strong man to car-ry. She turn-ed her eyes up-on Pat-ty as she ap-proach-ed her, cast-ing ve-ry ea-ger looks up-on the dan-cing wa-ter in the pitch-er, which seem-ed to tempt her to ask for one cool-ing draught. She at last ven-tu-red to do so, as she saw the good-na-tu-red rosy face of Pat-ty.

“Dear lit-tle child,” said she, in a fee-ble voice, “let me cool my parch-ed lips with a drink from your pitch-er, for I am very old, and faint and wea-ry.”—“To be sure, mo-ther, and wel-come,” said Pat-ty, lift-ing it up so that the old wo-mán might quench her thirst. Long and ea-ger-ly did the poor crea-ture drink: so much so, in-deed, that Pat-ty was quite as-ton-ish-ed.

“Thank you, my dar-ling; Hea-ven will re-ward you for your kind-ness to the poor and the nee-dy,” said the old wo-man.



PATTY AND THE THIRSTY DOG.

—“Oh! you’re quite wel-come, mo-ther,” re-plied Pat-ty, and a-gain went on her way; but she had not pro-ceed-ed far be-fore she was over-ta-ken by a large dog, who was e-vi-dent-ly bound on a long jour-ney, for he was co-ver-ed in dust, his eyes look-ed blood-shot, and his poor, parch-ed tongue was hang-ing out of his mouth, to catch the cool air. “Poor fel-low!” said Pat-ty. The dog turn-ed at her kind voice, and stop-ped to look at her; she held out her hand, and he ap-proach-ed her; she put down her pitch-er to ca-ress him, and he im-me-di-ate-ly en-dea-vour-ed to make his way to what his in-stinct told him was wa-ter; she un-der-stood im-me-di-ate-ly the poor dog’s wants, and held the pitch-er so that he could drink. He lap-ped and lap-ped un-til she real-ly be-gan to think that he ne-ver would leave off. At last he look-ed up in-to her face, and lick-ed her hand in gra-ti-tude; then, af-ter two or three bounds, to show her how re-fresh-ed he was, he trot-ted on his way.

Pat-ty look-ed in-to her pitch-er, and found that it was more than half emp-ty, so that she must have all her jour-ney o-ver again, for it was of no use go-ing home with such a drop as that. As she rose, she saw some hare-bells that grew by the dus-ty road-side, which ap-pear-ed to be in a ve-ry droop-ing state, and she im-me-di-ate-ly gave them the be-ne-fit of what had been left in her pitch-er.

So, back she went, with-out one thought a-bout her trou-ble, and soon gain-ed the mar-gin of the spring. She was just a-bout to stoop, and dip her pitch-er into its trans-pa-rent depth, when she thought she saw some-thing glist-en-ing be-neath, which caus-ed her to with-draw her hand. She watch-ed with the great-est as-ton-ish-ment, until she saw a sweet lit-tle face look-ing up to her; and pre-sent-ly there stood be-fore her one of the most beau-ti-ful fai-ries you e-ver saw.



THE FAIRY OF THE SPRING.



She stood up-on the wa-ter with the same ease as Pat-ty stood on the land, and she was not re-al-ly high-er than the pitch-er.

“So, Pat-ty,” said she—you see, she knew Pat-ty—“so you have come back a-gain, my dear!”—“Yes, ma-dam,” re-plied Pat-ty, who, to tell the truth, felt ra-ther a-larm-ed, “yes, ma-dam, be-cause I—”

“I know all a-bout it,” said the fai-ry, in-ter-rupt-ing her. “Be-cause I do know, is the rea-son that you see me; for I on-ly make the ac-quaint-ance of the good and kind; and I come now to make you a ve-ry use-ful pre-sent.”—“A present!” said Pat-ty, with a-gree-a-ble surprise.

“Yes! and such a one,” re-plied the fai-ry, “as will be a last-ing re-ward for your good-ness of heart to-wards o-thers, and your lit-tle care a-bout your-self. You blush be-cause you do not re-mem-ber the ma-n-y kind things that you have done, and I am the more pleas-ed to see that you think I am giv-ing you un-me-ri-ted praise. Your for-get-ting all those acts which are the or-na-ment of your life, as-sures me of the gen-u-ine-ness and pure-ness of your mo-tives; for it is our du-ty to for-get what good we do to o-thers, and to re-mem-ber on-ly what they do for us. You have al-ways done so, my dear lit-tle Pat-ty. To re-ward you I will place a spell up-on your pitch-er, which, for the fu-ture, shall al-ways be full of wa-ter, or of milk, as you may wish it. It will al-so be en-dow-ed with the pow-er of mo-tion and speech, when-e-ver your ne-ces-si-ties may re-quire it, and will al-ways prove your firm-est friend in a-n-y trou-ble or dis-as-ter. Trust to it, and ne-ver give way to des-pair under the most ap-pa-rent-ly in-sur-moun-t-a-ble dif-fi-cul-ty. If it should, by a-n-y mis-hap, be part-ed from you, it will ea-si-ly, by its ma-gic pow-er, be a-ble to find you, and pe-ne-trate through all im-pe-di-ments, to be by your side as your



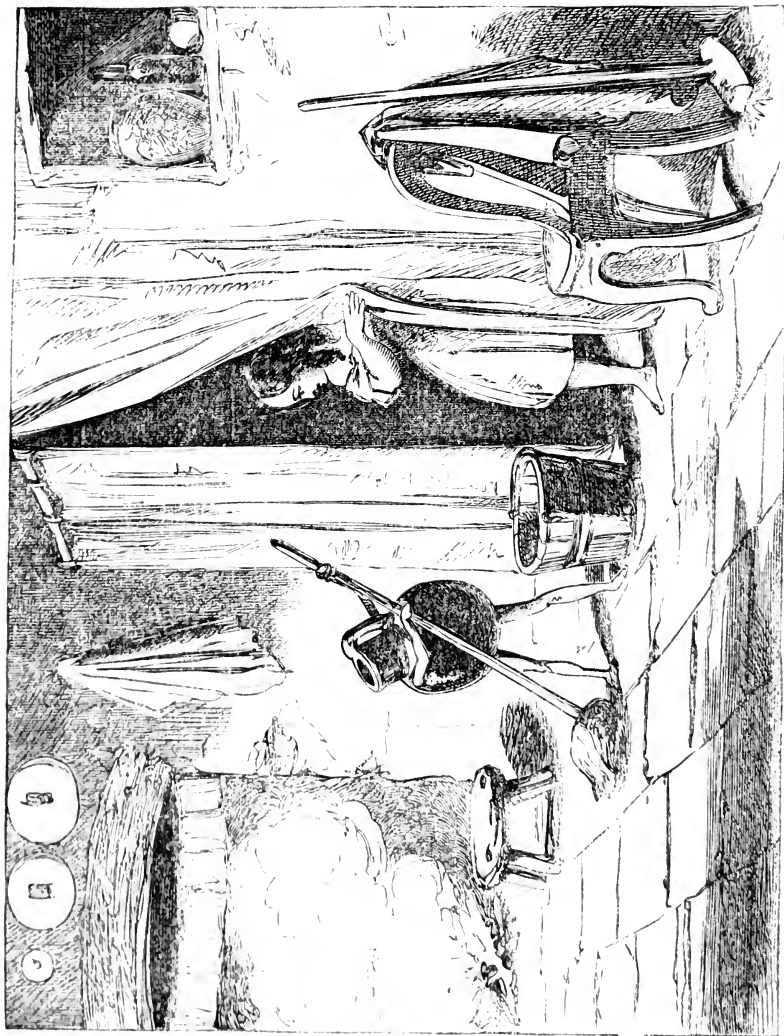
THE ALARM AT THE PITCHER.

pro-tec-tor and ad-vi-ser. Do not be a-fraid to ac-cept this at my hands, for I be-long to a race who are real-ly the coun-ter-act-ing pow-er to all that is e-vil. You, by your in-nate good-ness, have ac-qui-red the pow-er of see-ing me, and hear-ing me speak. When-e-ver mor-tals are good e-nough, this pow-er is giv-en to them, and we ap-pear, and pre-sent them with some re-ward that will be-ne-fit them to a de-gree which the real-ly vir-tu-ous a-lone de-serve on this earth. So, put your pitch-er down by your side, Pat-ty." Pat-ty did as she was de-si-red. "Now, look into it," con-ti-nu-ed the fai-ry.

Pat-ty did so, and, to her as-ton-ish-ment, be-held the bright wa-ter gra-du-al-ly as-cend-ing un-til the pitch-er was full to the brim. When she saw it was full she at-tempt-ed to raise it, but she found it too hea-vy for her strength.

"You need not trou-ble your-self to car-ry it," said the fai-ry, smil-ing; "it will, it-self, save you all fur-ther trou-ble on that score." With that she touch-ed it with her wand, and the pitch-er rais-ed it-self up-on two ve-ry well-sha-ped legs, made out of the same ma-te-ri-al as the brown pitch-er it-self. As soon as it was firm on its feet, it made a ve-ry po-lite bow to Pat-ty as its fu-ture mis-tress. "Now, Patty," said the fai-ry, "fol-low your pitch-er and you can-not do wrong." As she fi-nish-ed speak-ing, she broke in-to my-ri-ads of spark-ling drops, and mix-ed with the bub-bling stream which seem-ed to bear her a-way.

Pat-ty rub-bed her eyes, in hopes that she should make out what was im-pos-si-ble to be a-ny-thing but a dream. She rub-bed ve-ry hard in-deed. She cough-ed a-loud, and last-ly tri-ed to pinch her-self ve-ry hard, and as she found it hurt, she left off, con-vin-ced that she was a-wake. And more con-



THE PITCHER A GOOD HOUSEMAID.

vin-cing than all, there stood the brown pitch-er, on his nat-ty lit-tle brown legs, with the toes turn-ed out to ad-mi-ra-ti-on.

“Quite rea-dy to start, mis-tress,” said a voice from the ve-ry bot-tom of the pitch-er.—Pat-ty screw-ed up her cou-rage and said, “Come on then, pitch-er,” and set the ex-am-ple by start-ing off in-to a run. And did not the pitch-er fol-low her in good ear-nest! In-deed, it ran so fast, that it soon o-ver-took her; and not on-ly that, but it ran be-fore her long be-fore she could get half the way home. But the most as-ton-ish-ing thing was, that, al-though it bound-ed a-long, with as-ton-ish-ing strides and jumps o-ver the rough-est pla-ces in its path, it po-si-tive-ly did not spill one sin-gle drop of wa-ter in its pro-gress. This puzzled Pat-ty, who, with her ut-most care could ne-ver a-void wet-ting her frock when-e-ver she had at-tempt-ed to run with the pitch-er e-ven half full.

“What will the peo-ple think when we get in-to the vil-lage?” thought Pat-ty, as she look-ed at her strange com-pa-ni-on. “I’m sure they will be fright-en-ed; and what will my mo-ther and fa-ther say when they see what I have brought home.”—“Do not trou-ble your-self a-bout that,” said the pitch-er, who seem-ed to hear her thoughts: but then as it was a ma-gi-cal pitch-er, per-haps this was not as-ton-ish-ing. “Do not trou-ble your-self a-bout that; for your pa-rents will soon get ac-cus-tom-ed to me, and be ra-ther pleas-ed when they dis-co-ver my hand-i-ness; for you have yet to find out all my good qua-li-ties.”

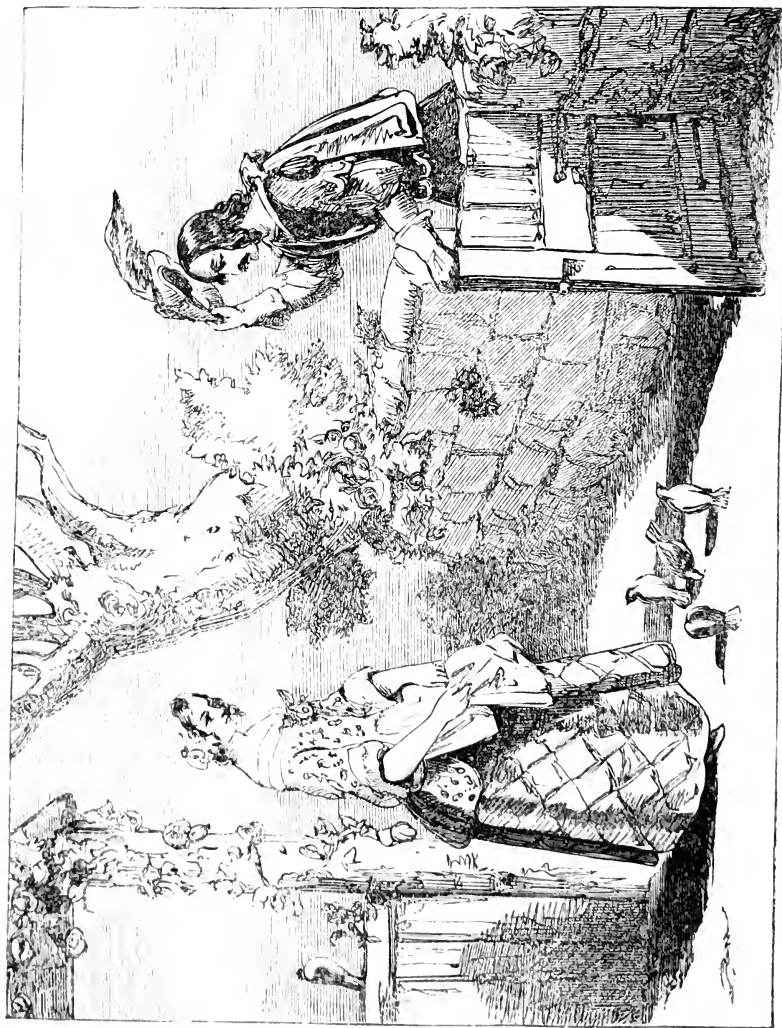
As he was speak-ing, they came to a very high and dif-fi-cult stile. “Shall I help you o-ver?” said Pat-ty, in con-si-de-ra-ti-on of his short legs.—“Oh dear! no!” said the pitch-er; “see how lit-tle I re-quire it.” So say-ing, he skip-ped o-ver the stile in the most grace-ful man-ner. As he did so, a dog



PATTY GOING TO MARKET.

that was pass-ing, pop-ped his tail be-tween his legs, and, af-ter two or three ve-ry weak barks, scour-ed a-way with e-vi-dent fright and dis-may. A man, at the same time, was ap-proach-ing with a slow and pom-pous walk—for he was the squire of the vil-lage—who, up-on per-ceiv-ing the strange pitch-er clear the stile in that mi-ra-cu-lous man-ner, was quite trans-fix-ed with won-der and as-ton-ish-ment; but he soon mo-ved pret-ty quick-ly when he saw the lit-tle legs speed-ing a-long to-wards him. He ut-ter-ed one loud ex-cla-ma-ti-on of ter-ror, and fled. His hat flew one way, his gold-head-ed cane an-o-ther, and his cloak flew up in-to the air like wings. He had not pro-ceed-ed far be-fore his legs fail-ed him, and he lay, kicking in a furze-bush, roar-ing for help. Pat-ty not-with-stand-ing her good na-ture, could not help laugh-ing at the poor un-for-tu-nate; but the pitch-er, trot-ting on, with the great-est un-con-cern, soon reach-ed the cot-tage door, where he ra-ther as-ton-ish-ed Pat-ty's poor pa-rents. When he en-ter-ed, he sat him-self qui-et-ly down in the cor-ner u-su-al-ly ap-pro-pri-a-ted to him, so that no-bo-dy could see his legs. The neigh-bours, there-fore, who had been a-larm-ed by the squire's ac-count of his fright and dis-as-ter, and only saw a pitch-er like e-ve-ry one had at home, of course put the old squire down as a lit-tle bit out of his mind.

Pat-ty was a-wa-ken-ed next morn-ing by hear-ing a noise be-low, as if some one was ve-ry bu-sy with the fur-ni-ture. She heard the chairs push-ed a-bout, and pre-sent-ly the han-dle of a pail clink down as plain as plain could be. So she put on part of her clothes and crept down. The noise still con-ti-nu-ing, she peep-ed through the red cur-tains that were hung a-cross the room to keep the wind a-way from their backs when they sat by the fire-side; and there she saw, not any thieves,



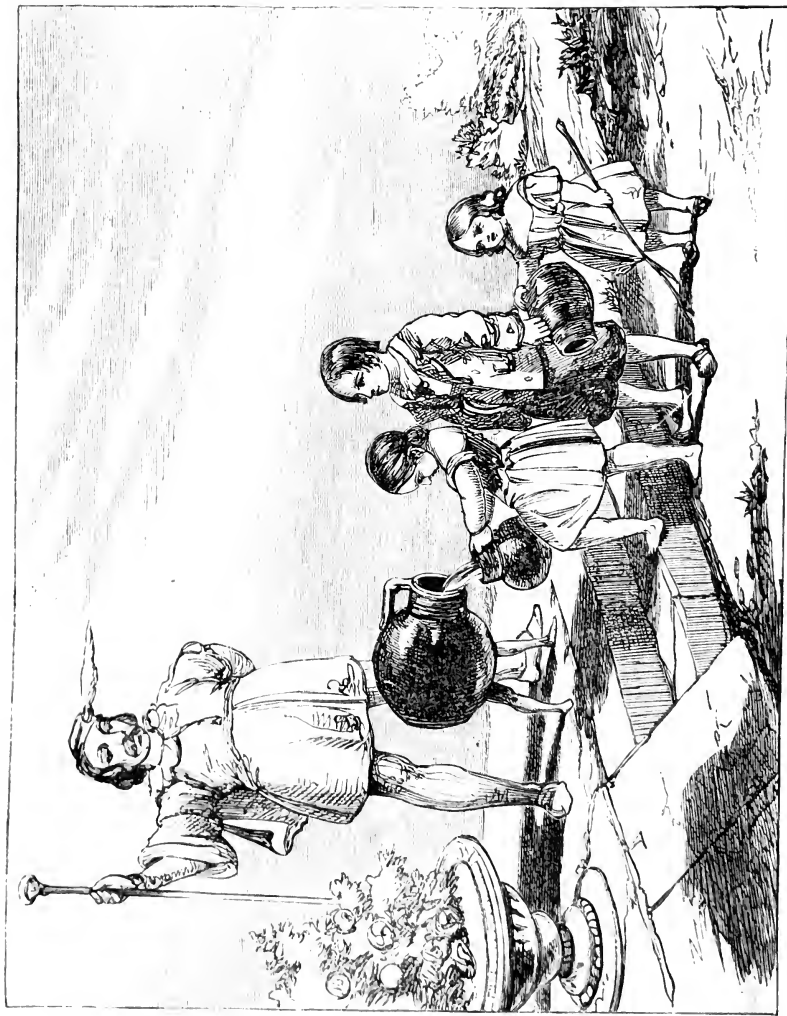


but the pitch-er; and what do you think it was doing? Why po-si-tive-ly mop-ping the red tiles of the floor, and mar-vel-lous-ly well did he han-dle the mop; and there was the pail full of wa-ter by his side, as if he had been a ser-vant of all work all his life: and more won-der-ful still, there was the fire burn-ing! We can i-ma-gine a pitch-er of wa-ter wash-ing the floor, but can-not i-ma-gine its do-ing a-ny thing with a fire ex-cept put-ting it out. But no! there had he light-ed the fire and put the ket-tle on, which was just sing-ing a most de-light-ful song about the break-fast be-ing near-ly rea-dy.

“Good morn-ing, my good mis-tress,” said the pitch-er, in no way put out; “you need not trou-ble your-self to do any-thing but grow and im-prove your-self; for, from hence-forth, you will have lit-tle la-bour to do, as I am your ve-ry hum-ble ser-vant.” Was not Pat-ty pleas-ed? for she was growing a tall girl, and felt great de-sire to im-prove her-self with her books, which she had had ve-ry lit-tle time to do, as she had been so much oc-cu-pi-ed with her house-hold du-ties.

When Pat-ty was left a-lone in the e-ven-ing with the pitch-er in the cor-ner, she said how much she was o-bli-ged to him, and how much she de-si-red to learn, but want-ed to know what she was to do for books, as she had read the few she pos-sess-ed a hun-dred times.—“Oh! that’s soon re-me-di-ed,” said the pitch-er, “for you have on-ly to wish, and I will yield as much milk as you please. Then you can make but-ter and cheese, and go and sell it at the mar-ket town, and buy as ma-ny books as you like, and with plen-ty of mo-ney to spare for o-ther pur-po-ses be-sides.”

No soon-er said than done. Pat-ty set out all the pans she had and could bor-row from her kind neigh-bours; and, as fast as they came, the pitch-er ran a-bout and fill-ed them; so that



THE PITCHER GIVES SOUP TO THE POOR.

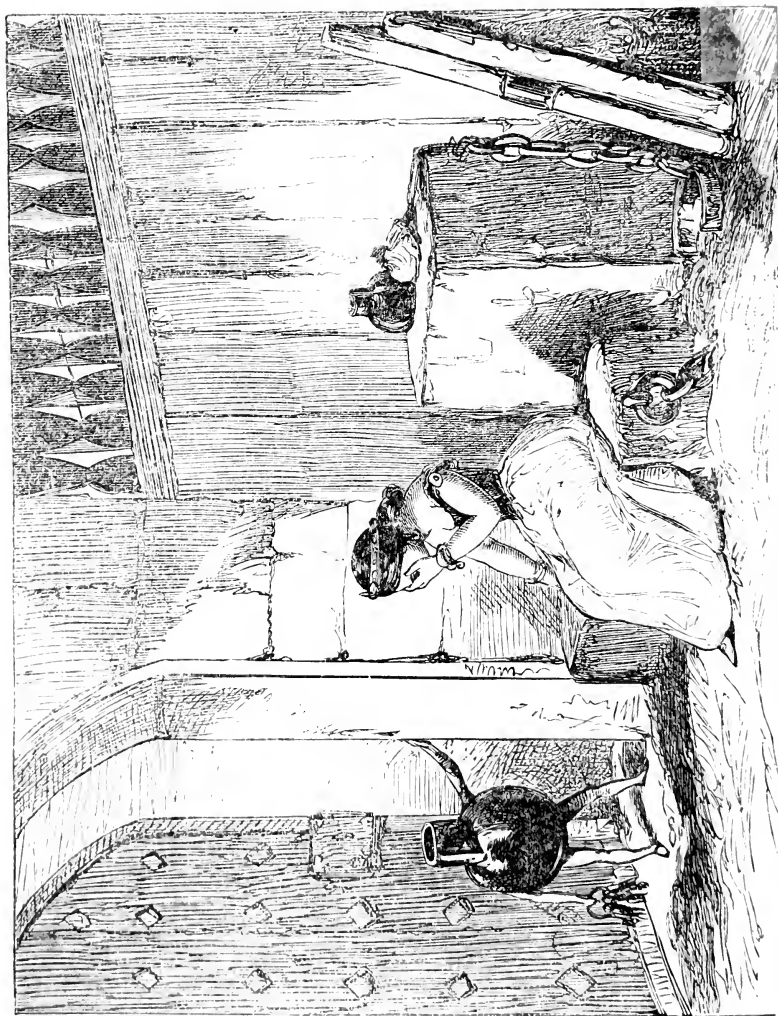
she soon had plen-ty of cream for her but-ter and cheese. She had on-ly to ask, and a good old neigh-bour lent her a churn, which the pitch-er soon found a pair of arms to turn: and such but-ter was pro-du-ced as had not been seen in the vil-lage for ma-n-y a day. Was not Pat-ty pleas-ed, and were not her pa-rents de-light-ed?

The same old far-mer lent her a horse and pan-ni-ers, and ear-ly in the morn-ing, she start-ed for the mar-ket town, the way to which the pitch-er point-ed out to her. He did not ac-com-pa-ny her, as he said the peo-ple of the town were not ac-cus-tom-ed to ee brown pitch-ers, so he should stop at home and look after the cheese press-ing. Pat-ty pro-ceed-ed on her way, look-ing as hap-py and as hand-some as the best far-mer's daugh-ter of them all. So e-ve-ry bo-dy in the mar-ket said, where she sold all her but-ter.

So went on Pat-ty's suc-cess un-til she grew into a pret-ty, neat young wo-man; with her old pa-rents liv-ing in com-fort in one of the best cot-ta-ges in the vil-lage; e-ve-ry bo-dy say-ing that she de-serv-ed her good for-tune, and not one sin-gle soul en-vy-ing her; so you may guess she was hap-py in-deed.

One e-ven-ing she was stand-ing in her gar-den, feed-ing some of her pi-ge-ons, when a hand-some-ly dress-ed stran-ger ap-proach-ed the gate, and af-ter look-ing at her with ad-mi-ra-ti-on for some short time, took off his plu-med hat in the most grace-ful man-ner, and beg-ged her to in-form him his near-est way to the next town. When she spoke, the pleas-ing mu-sic of her voice and her charm-ing mo-des-ty seem-ed to strike the young stran-ger with in-creas-ed ad-mi-ra-ti-on. He bow-ed; and, af-ter a slight he-si-ta-ti-on, pro-ceed-ed on his way.

But that young stran-ger came a-gain and a-gain, al-though he knew his way ve-ry well to and from the neigh-bour-ing



POOR PATTY IN PRISON.

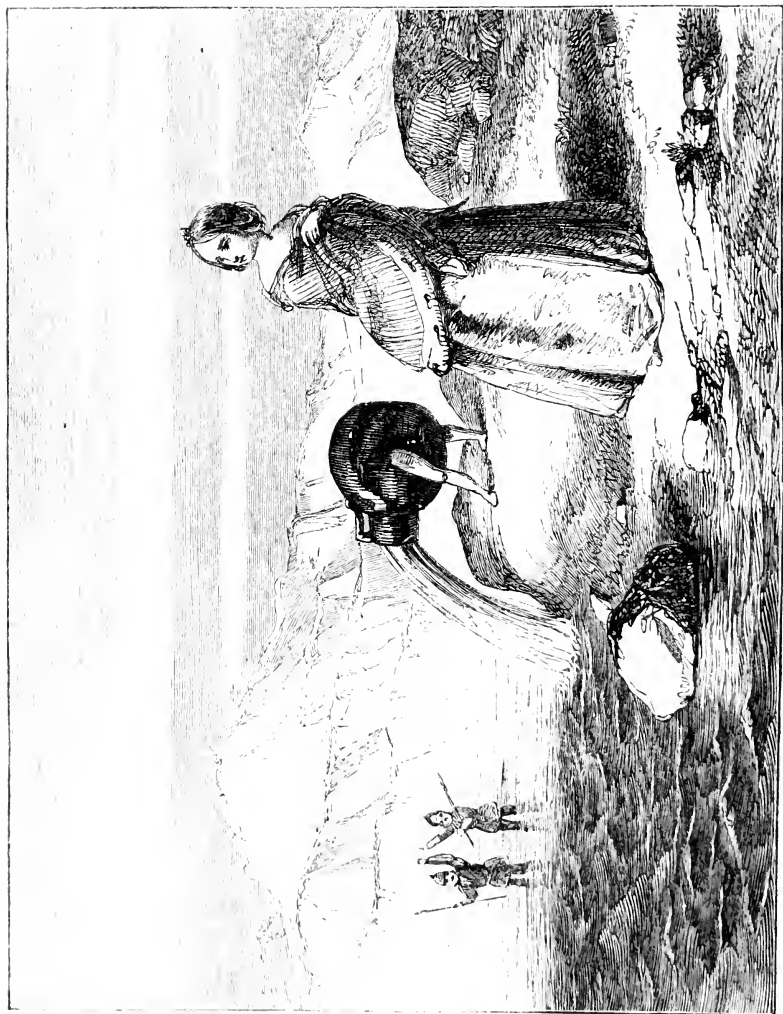
ci-ty. At last she found that it was the way to her heart he was seek-ing; and he found it when he told her pa-rents that he was rich and wish-ed to have a wife whom e-ve-ry bo-dy spoke well of; since his own wealth left him at li-ber-ty to choose for him-self, with-out a de-sire for a-ny more. The pa-rents smi-led as they look-ed up-on the hand-some sui-tor, whom how-e-ver they did not think one bit too good for their dear Pat-ty: and so in the course of a ve-ry short time they were mar-ri-ed.

But the stran-ger who had mar-ri-ed Pat-ty took her home to a no-ble pa-lace, where his fore-fa-thers had reign-ed for ma-ny cen-tu-ries as prin-ces; and the hum-ble lit-tle Pat-ty found that her dear hus-band had made her a Prin-cess, and sur-round-ed her with all the lux-u-ries and splen-dours of her high sta-ti-on.

Did Pat-ty for-get her hum-ble home and her old friend, the pitch-er? No! she did not: the pitch-er was with her, but her pa-rents wish-ed to re-main in their peace-ful home, which their dear child had made so hap-py by her vir-tu-ous in-dus-try.

In the splen-did state in which Pat-ty now li-ved the pitch-er was no less her ser-vant and be-ne-fac-tor than when he first as-sist-ed her in her hum-ble cot-tage. When the poor came to the pa-lace gates he stood there and pour-ed in-to their pitch-ers nou-rish-ing soup to sup-port them and their fa-mi-lies: and they did not for-get to bless the good Prin-cess for her kind-ly thoughts for those who need-ed her pro-tec-ti-on and cha-ri-ty so much: and so the pitch-er, al-though now not call-ed up-on to work, still con-ti-nu-ed, in the name of his mis-tress, to do good to all a-round.

But e-ven the ve-ry best of us can-not es-cape from en-vi-ous hearts and e-vil tongues; and so it fell out to Prin-cess



THE PITCHER STOPS THE PURSUERS.

Patty : for we love to call her Pat-ty, al-though she be-came a Prin-cess. Ma-ny of the wick-ed cour-ti-ers who en-vi-ed her po-pu-la-ri-ty with the peo-ple, which was the na-tu-ral con-se-quence of her kind and cha-ri-ta-ble feel-ing to-wards them, whis-per-ed slan-ders in-to the ears of the Prince her hus-band, who, at last, was weak e-nough to lis-ten to them ; for they a-wa-ken-ed his fears by tell-ing him that she was try-ing to bribe the peo-ple, by her mu-ni-fi-cent cha-ri-ties, to re-bel a-gainst the right-ful Prince, and place her on the throne alone ; and, more-o-ver, that she was lea-gued with e-vil spi-rits that as-sist-ed her ; and they in-stan-ced the friendly pitch-er.

A-las for hu-man weak-ness ! The Prince, at last, was con-vin-ced, by their ar-gu-ments, of her guilt ; and, al-though his heart ach-ed, he had her put in-to a dun-ge-on in the ve-ry depths of the pa-lace, and left her there to mourn o-ver his too ea-sy be-lief of her dis-loy-al-ty. She did not mourn long, for, as night came on, the pitch-er o-pen-ed her pri-son doors and aid-ed her in her flight. " Come," said he, " re-turn to your peace-ful home, and show your hus-band that it is his heart, and not his king-dom, that you co-vet. He will re-turn to rea-son and re-pent-ance when he finds that he has lost you. She fol-low-ed him in deep grief : but they had not pro-ceed-ed far in their flight when Pat-ty was a-larm-ed by per-ceive-ing that they were pur-su-ed by a par-ty of sol-di-ers : she scream-ed with af-fright.

" Be not a-larm-ed, dear-est mis-tress," said the pitch-er ; " I will stop these pur-su-ers." So say-ing, he bent o-ver the side of the rock and pour-ed out a sweep-ing ca-tar-act of wa-ter in-to the val-ley through which they were ap-proach-ing. The wa-ters roll-ed in high waves and swept them from the path, in-til it be-came like a large, deep lake. The sol-di-ers swam





to the near-est high land, glad e-ven to save their lives, and quite re-gard-less of the fu-gi-tive.

That night she slept be-neath the hum-ble roof of her pa-rents: their own dear Pat-ty. A-gain she found her-self in her own be-lo-ved gar-den, at-tend-ing to her blos-som-ing flow-ers, and at-tempt-ing to se-cure con-tent by cease-less oc-cu-pa-ti-on: but it was na-tu-ral that her thoughts should wan-der to the home of her hus-band, and that she should grieve o-ver his un-kind-ness in re-tur-n for her pure and ar-dent af-fec-ti-on; hope, how-e-ver, whis-per-ing to her, in the midst of her tears, that some for-tu-nate ac-ci-dent might re-move the false im-pres-si-on from his mind, that had not only caus-ed her un-hap-pi-ness, but his own also. The pitch-er was con-ti-nu-al-ly by her side, and did not fail to give her com-fort in her si-lent sor-row.

Days and weeks roll-ed on, but no news nor mes-sen-ger reach-ed her from her hus-band's do-main. Had he en-tire-ly a-ban-don-ed her? or did he be-lieve her to have been swept a-way in the tor-rent which so near-ly de-stroy-ed his sol-di-ers, who were too much oc-cu-pi-ed in their own pre-ser-va-ti-on to heed what be-came of her? She hop-ed that it was so; as that in some man-ner ex-cu-sed him: and then he might be mourn-ing her as lost; for, sure-ly, the e-vil speak-ers must have shown them-selves, long ere this, in their true co-lours.

One fine morn-ing she had ris-en ear-li-er than u-su-al, for there was a rest-less-ness in her mind that would not let her sleep. She walk-ed out in-to the fresh pure air, which felt cool and re-fresh-ing on her fe-ver-ed brow, and, look-ing round, she be-held the dear old quaint pitch-er trim-ming the flow-ers with the hand and style of an ex-pe-ri-en-ced gar-den-er.

“Good morn-ing, fair mis-tress of mine,” said he; “you

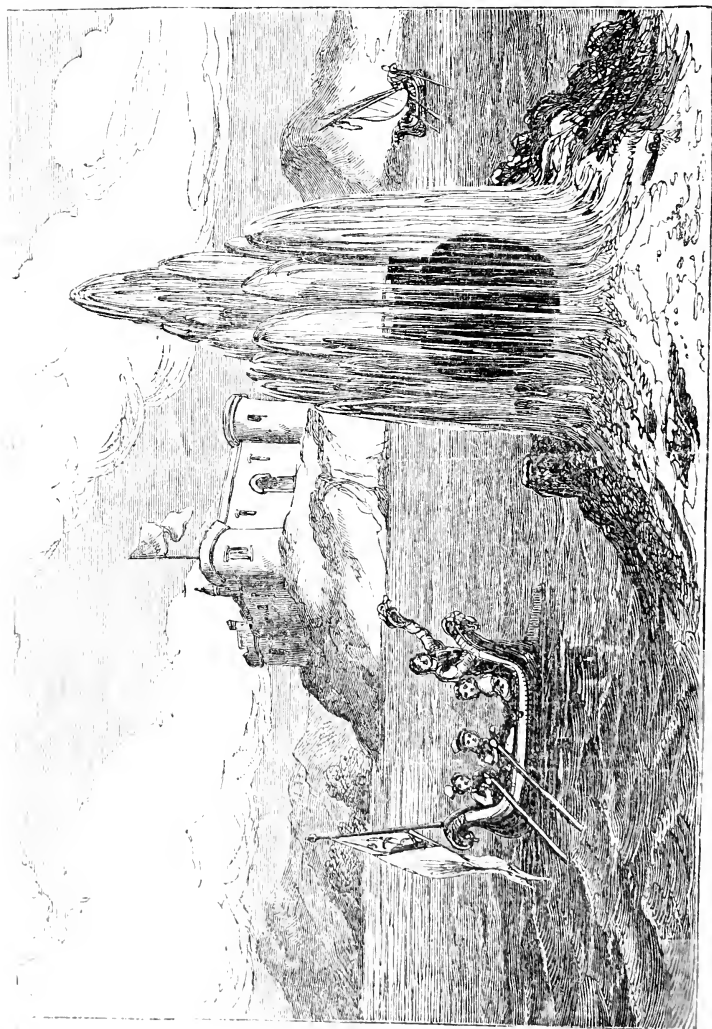


are up be-times; for the sun has hard-ly climb-ed the dis-tant moun-tains to peep o-ver in-to our val-ley: but I am glad to see you so ear-ly a-foot, as you per-ceive that I am ta-king ex-tra care with the gar-den; for I ex-pect vi-si-tors to-day.”—“Vi-si-tors?” ex-claim-ed Pat-ty, with an in-qui-ring look.

“Yes, vi-si-tors,” said the pitch-er, from whose mouth is-su-ed a low, chuck-ling laugh: “I can hear, dis-tinct-ly, a foot-step in the dis-tance: it comes this way. List-en; it is now near e-nough for mor-tal ears to hear.”—And so it was: near and near-er it came. Pre-sent-ly the figure of a pal-mer ap-pear-ed at the wick-et gate. He en-ter-ed, and stood trans-fix-ed as he be-held the fi-gure of Pat-ty, stand-ing like a sta-tue of sur-prise. It was her hus-band, the Prince.

“That is the vi-si-tor I ex-pect-ed,” said the pitch-er: “he has be-liev-ed you dead, and has wan-der-ed to ma-n-y pla-ces that he might as-suage his grief. At last he has da-red to ven-ture to this hum-ble cot-tage, that he might a-gain see the spot where he first had the good for-tune to meet you. It was look-ed for-ward to as a con-so-la-ti-on, yet a se-vere ex-pi-a-ti-on for his crime, to ap-proach where e-ve-ry thing would re-mind him of you and your vir-tues, and the fault he had com-mit-ted in be-liev-ing you ca-pa-ble of plot-ting to se-cure his rich-es and his king-dom, when he a-lone was all your world, your rich-es, and your king-dom. Your be-ing a-live is the re-ward for his sin-cere re-pen-tance. He finds you in your o-ri-gi-nal hum-ble sphere, re-gret-ting no-thing in your al-ter-ed cir-cum-stan-cès but the loss of him.”—The Prince rush-ed for-ward with a cry of de-light, and knelt at Pat-ty’s feet. The pitch-er, like a dis-creet friend, pla-ced her hand in his, and then went on with his gar-den-ing.

Pat-ty’s pa-rents re-joiced in her re-cov-er-ed fe-li-ci-ty,

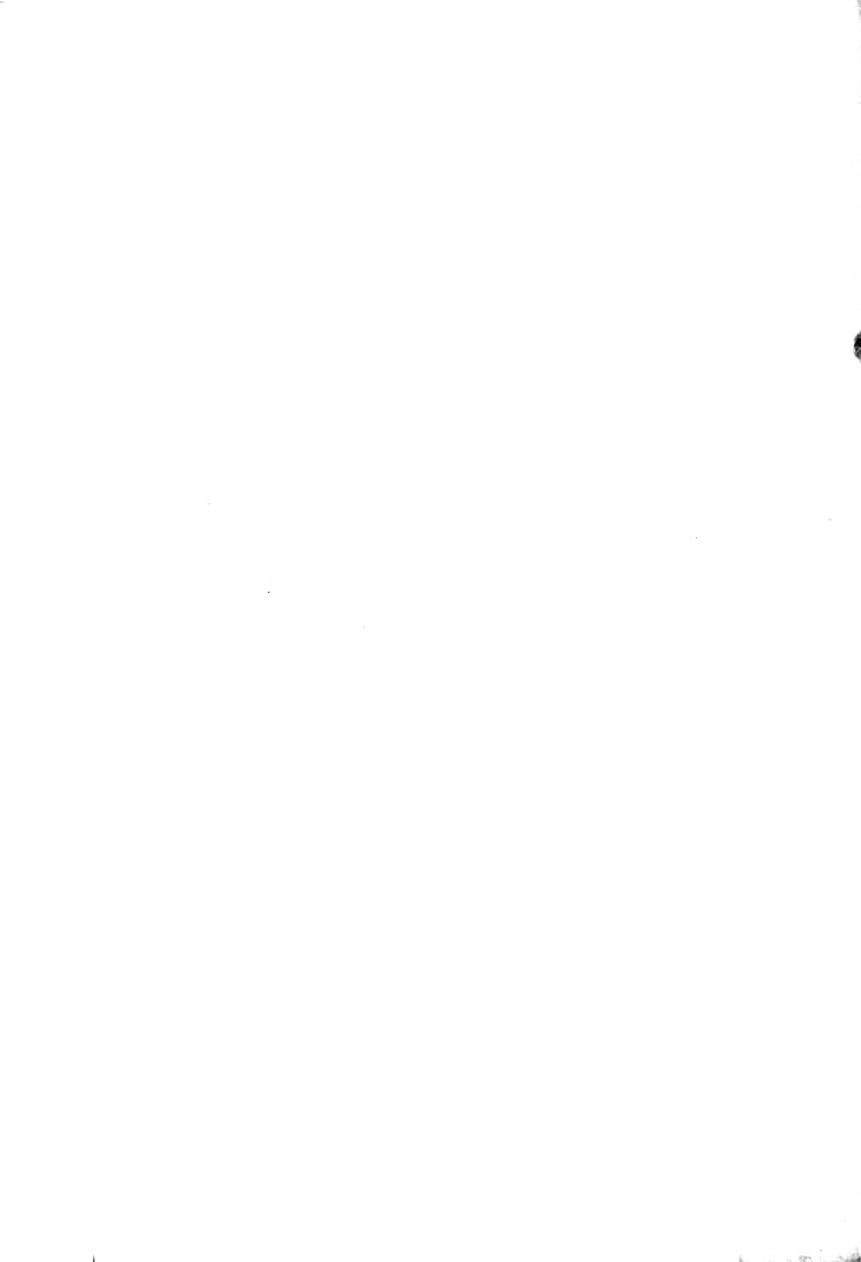


et felt a pang of re-gret when, some days af-ter the hap-py meet-ing, the Prince pro-po-sed that they should re-turn to his king-dom, and that he would send for-ward a mes-sen-ger that his re-co-ver-ed wife should make her en-try in tri-umph.

The pitch-er walk-ed out of the cot-tage and join-ed the group. "Prince," said he, "spare your-self the trou-ble. I am here to give my last ser-vice to my mis-tress. Since your hap-py re-con-ci-li-a-ti-on leaves no-thing for her to de-sire, the ai-ry who a-ni-ma-ted me that I might re-ward her for the great-est of hu-man vir-tues, *self-de-ni-al* and a *love for her fel-low crea-tures*, re-cals me to her wa-ter pa-lace: be-hold!"

As he cea-sed speak-ing jets of spark-ling wa-ter rose high up into the air from his mouth, un-til an un-du-la-ting lake ap-pear-ed in the val-ley, up-on which was borne a gild-ed large pro-pel-led by stout row-ers in the Prince's li-ve-ry. It glid-ed to their feet and they all step-ped in. The ser-vants full-ed with a good will in-to the midst of the stream. Still the foun-tain play-ed from the pitch-er's mouth un-til the stream was swol-len in-to a migh-ty ri-ver, down which they float-ed un-til they came in sight of their own cas-tle, stand-ing high up-on the rocks which bor-der-ed the cur-rent. Stream-ing flags float-ed from the tur-rets, and boom-ing can-non sent forth their noi-sy wel-come. Crowds of re-joi-cing vas-sals stood to re-ceive their much-lo-ved Prin-cess, whose hap-py tears spoke for her to the hearts that knew so well how to ap-pre-ci-ate her good-ness and cha-ri-ty. The ma-gic pitch-er was seen no more; but its his-to-ry taught all who heard it that to give was na-ly to lay by a re-ward for your-self.

THE END.



# TINY AND HER VANITY:

OR,

SELF-OPINION.



TINY CAUGHT AT HER LOOKING GLASS.



# TINY AND HER VANITY.

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TINY was the small-est crea-ture you can pos-si-bly i-ma-gine; and that was the cause of her be-ing call-ed Ti-ny, which means, real-ly, small-er than small. You could hard-ly get your thumb in-to her shoe; and her frock was a per-fect mar-vel: why, a good-sized wax-doll would have turn-ed its nose up at her. Her stock-ings were knit-ted at home, by her mo-ther, for no shop-keep-er dealt in such lit-tle things; so, Ti-ny was she ve-ry just-ly call-ed, un-til her pro-per name was quite for-got-ten. In-deed, I ne-ver knew it: not that it is of much con-se-quence, as this sto-ry has to do with her dis-po-si-tion, and not with her name; one be-ing the di-rect con-tra-ry of the o-ther: for though her name was small, her va-ni-ty was ve-ry great. This, in-deed, was to be laid to the fault of her mo-ther, who used to spend much time in de-co-rat-ing poor Ti-ny's per-son.

When she was dress-ed, she march-ed up and down be-fore the other cot-ta-gers' doors, to chal-lenge their ap-pro-ba-tion; and they, with an ex-cu-sa-ble good-na-ture, would ex-claim, Oh! how beau-ti-ful, to be sure! What beau-ti-ful eyes! What love-ly hair! She real-ly is a per-fect lit-tle beau-ty!" Now all this Ti-ny be-liev-ed, and her va-ni-ty flou-rish-ed to an a-larm-ing de-gree ac-cord-ing-ly.



One morn-ing, not sa-tis-fied with all this, and such like raise, she thought that she ought to ad-mire her-self; and, av-ing no look-ing-glass at home, she pro-ceed-ed to ad-mire er-self in the glas-sy sur-face of a neigh-bour-ing brook. As he stood quite charm-ed with the fi-gure there-in re-pre-sent-ed, he was star-tled by a voice, cry-ing, "Good morn-ing, Great Va-ni-ty!" She look-ed up, and be-held a beau-ti-ful lady, with a-di-ant wings, ac-com-pa-nied by a fright-ful lit-tle dwarf, who were both laugh-ing at her, on the op-po-site bank.

"No doubt you con-sid-er your-self perfect," con-ti-nued the a-dy, af-ter sub-du-ing her laugh-ter; "Ay, and ve-ry won-der-ful, too, in your beau-ti-ful form: but, lit-tle crea-ture, there are ma-n-y more beau-ti-ful and per-fect things that you tread un-der your small foot. If you re-main through life the same vain crea-ture, you will be a trou-ble to your-self, and a laugh-ing-stock to o-ther peo-ple. I will, how-ever, venture to give you a les-son, which I hope will ma-te-ri-al-ly as-sist in your re-for-ma-tion. I will pre-sent you with a pair of wings, to aid you in your search af-ter the truth. They will on-ly last you a few hours, but, by their means, you will be en-abled to judge of how un-be-com-ing va-ni-ty is, by see-ing it in o-thers."

Ti-ny start-ed, as she felt her wings spring from her shoul-ders, and raise her from the earth. Al-though a-larm-ed at her flight, she soon be-gan to en-joy the new and pleas-ing sen-sa-tion of be-ing borne through the air. She closed her wings, and set-tled down a-midst some beau-ti-ful wild flow-ers, close in the vi-ci-ni-ty of a large barn owl, who had e-vi-dent-ly lost his way in the day-light.

"What are you?" said he, in a hus-ky voice, as he tri-ed to make her out in the blind-ing sun-shine. "Please, sir," re-plied she, "I am a lit-tle girl."



"Oh, dear, on-ly a lit-tle girl! ah!" said he, "I thought you were a bird. Why, you've sure-ly got wings!"—"Yes, sir, I have wings," said she, ti-mid-ly, on find-ing how lit-tle the owl thought of a lit-tle girl; "a good fai-ry gave them to me, that I might see the world."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laugh-ed the owl; "see the world, in-deed! What's the wis-dom of that? Why, I, who live in a barn al-most all my life, am the wis-est of birds!"—"Oh, in-deed! are you, sir?" said Ti-ny, ea-ger-ly, "then, per-haps, you will give me the ad-van-tage of what you know?"

"Well!" said the owl, shut-ting his eyes, as if he were look-ing in-side his head for his wis-dom, "I don't know a-bout that. I don't much de-sire to be a school-mas-ter, but I can ea-si-ly tell you what I know: that is, I know that I am wise, as e-ve-ry bo-dy says so; and I be-lieve so, in-as-much as the cle-ver-est of peo-ple say that I am the em-blem of wis-dom; so you must rest con-tent with that, and go on, and let me find my way back to the barn;" with that he look-ed wi-ser than e-ver, chuck-ling o-ver his own fun.

"What a vain, stu-pid old thing," said Ti-ny, as the owl went hop-ping on his way. "Well! I've learnt no-thing from him."

As she flut-ter-ed in a neigh-bour-ing wood, she was ra-ther start-led at per-ceiv-ing a gi-gan-tic *kan-ga-roo*, who was spring-ing for-ward by the help of his e-nor-mous tail. She watch-ed him cau-ti-ous-ly. Whilst doing so, a large blue *stork* e-merg-ed from a damp, reedy cor-ner, and walk-ed up to the *kan-ga-roo*.

"Oh! there you are, Mr. Jump-er, are you?" said the stork; "why, what an e-nor-mous tail you've got! why don't



you car-ry it pro-per-ly, and not make a leg of it? By-the-bye, are those wretch-ed lit-tle things your fore-legs? I mean those lit-tle bits hang-ing down in front."

"Im-pu-dent bird!" re-plied the kan-ga-roo, with a look of con-tempt, "do you pre-tend to cri-ti-cise my per-fect and beau-ti-ful form, which is, in e-ve-ry way, pre-fer-a-ble to that of a-ny o-ther beast? My beau-ti-ful tail, which is in it-self a won-der; and my charm-ing lit-tle fore-legs, which are a-dapt-ed so beau-ti-ful-ly for the pur-po-ses to which I put them; bah! go back, sil-li-est of birds, to the swamp that you are best con-ceal-ed in, and hide those at-te-nu-a-ted a-po-lo-gies for legs, that lift you up so ri-di-cu-lous-ly high in the world that they make your ug-li-ness more ap-pa-rent. If you can find wa-ter e-nough near at hand, go and con-tem-plate your mea-gre pro-por-tions, and blush, if you can, through your fea-thers, when you dis-co-ver the un-mea-su-ra-ble dif-fe-rence be-tween your-self and such a per-fect cre-a-tion as I am." With-out deign-ing to wait for the stork's re-ply, he bound-ed in-to the wood with a sav-age cry.

"Well!" said Ti-ny, when the stork flew off, "that's pretty well on both sides, who are e-qual-ly o-pen to see their own gifts, and to des-pise those of each o-ther."

Ti-ny flew on, and found her-self close by the trunk of a large, spread-ing tree, up-on the branch of which was perch-ed a beau-ti-ful Ma-la-bar *squir-rel*, lei-sure-ly crack-ing some nuts, and en-joy-ing the warm sun-shine.

"I won-der whe-ther he can speak," thought Ti-ny; "but I dare say he can, for he has a ve-ry sharp look." She had hard-ly thought this, when, at her feet, she saw the fun-ni-est lit-tle *gui-ne-a-pig* pop out of the un-der-wood, snuff-ing his way





in the most cau-tious man-ner. The squir-rel stop-ped crack-ing his nuts, and, throw-ing down some shells up-on the gui-nea-pig, call-ed out in a loud voice—"Hallo, there! you ri-di-cu-lous lit-tle wretch! where are you go-ing? what do you call your-self? and pray, if it be not rude, will you al-low me to in-quire, with the most af-fec-tion-ate sym-pa-thy, what has be-come of your tail?" The gui-nea-pig look-ed a-round with a puz-zled air, to find out where the po-lite ques-tion-er had hid-den him-self. At last he dis-co-ver-ed the squir-rel, and, with a ve-ry hum-ble air, re-plied,

"If you please, my ve-ry good sir, I don't re-mem-ber be-ing e-ver trou-bled with one."

"What do you mean by that?" said the squir-rel, in a huff; and down he jump-ed, and fa-ced the as-to-nish-ed pig.

"What I mean," re-plied the pig, in no way daunt-ed, "is, that I should find a great un-wiel-dy brush like yours an in-fi-nite deal of trou-ble and in-con-ve-ni-ence; and, with my pre-sent i-deas, I should say dan-ger-ous; for you, fool-ish nut-crack-er, would be much sa-fer, did you not flou-rish that tail a-bout so much, which, by your in-to-le-ra-ble va-ni-ty, is made the means of dis-co-ver-ing you to the hunt-er, and is, there-fore, I re-peat, a great e-vil to you. You would live much long-er had you a tail much short-er; so I wish you a good morn-ing, and less va-ni-ty." The pig va-nish-ed into the earth, and the squir-rel sprung in-to the tree to hide him-self.

Ti-ny flut-ter-ed on, quite a-mu-sed with the sharp re-ply of the ap-pa-rent-ly stu-pid pig. Pre-sent-ly a mag-ni-fi-cent *but-ter-fly* pass-ed close to her, and seem-ed ar-rest-ed in his flight by her un-u-su-al ap-pear-ance. He ac-cord-ing-ly set-tled close to where she had a-light-ed.



"Good morn-ing, my dear," said he, po-lite-ly; "'pon my ho-nour, you quite puz-zled me at first. I thought you might be some but-ter-fly of my ac-quaint-ance; but I was soon un-de-ceiv-ed when I saw how thick your legs were, and how very in-con-ve-ni-ent your form was al-to-ge-ther; but still, e-ven un-der all these dis-ad-van-ta-ges, I am glad to see you; so let us have a chat; but don't tread upon me with your great feet." Ti-ny, ve-ry far from pleas-ed at this in-sult-ing in-vi-ta-tion, was a-bout to re-ply, when a *snail* crawl-ed on to the scene.

"Dear me," said the but-ter-fly, "here is a hor-rid thing. Poor crea-ture! doom-ed to crawl the earth with that ug-ly shell on its back."

"Whom are you pi-ty-ing, tri-fler?" said the snail; "is it for you to in-sult a crea-ture like me be-cause you have a fine coat on your back, when you were, but yes-ter-day, a poor grub, in-fi-nite-ly more ug-ly than any-thing else that I can at this mo-ment re-col-lect. You! who have so short a span of life, which, to be sure, is long e-nough to do no-thing in, to talk of pi-ty! You! an out-cast, with-out a home that you can call your own, for you will lodge any-where, to talk to a house-hold-er like me. Go on with you, and rob e-ve-ry flow-er that is un-wise e-nough to take you in."

"Low crea-ture," said the but-ter-fly, "I shall sul-ly my wings by stay-ing in your vi-ci-ni-ty, to be co-ver-ed by your of-fen-sive slime." So say-ing, af-ter some pret-ty e-vo-lu-tions to show off the co-lours on its wings, it shot out in-to the broad sun-shine.

"Oh! oh!" said Ti-ny, as she flew on her way, "there I think va-ni-ty was pro-per-ly school-ed." Soon the sun became burn-ing hot, and Ti-ny found her-self on some scorch-ing sands,



where lay an e-nor-mous black *tor-toise*. So still was it, that at first she sup-po-sed it to be a great black stone; but a lan-guid move-ment of the head con-vin-ced her that it was a-live. As she stood gaz-ing at it, a long sha-dow fell o-ver it, which, up-on look-ing up, she saw was caus-ed by the ap-proach of an e-nor-mous *gi-raffe*.

"Well! my lit-tle dear," said he, "are you look-ing up-on that most mi-se-ra-ble crea-tion, that, in-deed, might as well be a stone, which it has all the ap-pear-ance of? I don't think it has mov-ed on its way for months, poor, in-sen-si-ble lump. To be sure, it can-not be ex-pect-ed," con-ti-nu-ed he, arch-ing his long neck with much pride, "that e-very-thing can be made hand-some, grace-ful, like me: oh, dear! dear! no: but still one can-not help pi-ty-ing so ut-ter-ly a-ban-don-ed a crea-ture as this at our feet, who is ap-pa-rent-ly drop-ped on the sands with-out legs to car-ry him any-where."

The *tor-toise* mov-ed his head, and cast-ing up his eyes, said, in a slow and so-lemn man-ner to the *gi-raffe*, "Long-leg-ged, long-neck-ed, use-less, un-grace-ful a-ni-mal! How me-lan-cho-ly is it to hear a thing of a few short years of life talk about its su-pe-ri-o-ri-ty! My legs are not so long but that I can put them a-way safe-ly that no one may tread on my toes: my neck is long e-nough to en-a-ble me to look out of my front door, and short e-nough to be pack-ed in-side at the ap-proach of dan-ger: and my life is so long that I re-mem-ber ten or a doz-en ge-ne-ra-tions of your fa-mi-ly, whose bones are bleach-ing up-on the sands of the de-sert. So let your long legs take you a-way, that your va-ni-ty may not off-end me any more."

Dis-tance being of no con-se-quence to Ti-ny now she had her wings, she flew off to an-o-ther part of the world, where



the air was cool-er. Here she stood up-on the rocks, where an old *pen-guin* was ad-mir-ing the roll-ing of the waves as they wash-ed his feet. "A nice cool breeze here," said Ti-ny.

"Ve-ry in-vi-go-rat-ing," re-plied the pen-guin; and to show its ef-fects he flap-ped his lit-tle lea-ther-like wings. "This place," con-ti-nu-ed he, "is the most heal-thy and plea-sant in the world."—"In-deed!" said Ti-ny, not know-ing what to say.

"Don't waste your time, lit-tle girl," scream-ed an *ea-gle* from a neigh-bour-ing cliff, "in such bad com-pany. That half-bird, half-fish, has the most dread-ful, salt-wa-ter con-ver-sa-tion. He is a dis-grace to the fa-mi-ly of birds. In the first place he walks up-right, like a man; and in the se-cond place, has no-thing which, with all his pre-ten-sion, he can call a wing. Now, I am the king of birds, and can talk to you in a king-ly way; so, fly up here, that I may ho-nour you with a few mi-nutes' in-struc-tive chat."

"Stop where you are, my child," said the pen-guin; "I may be hum-ble and in-ele-gant, as that king of birds ob-serves, in the most un-king-ly man-ner, but I am hon-est with-al; whilst he, who dis-gra-ces the name of king, is a plun-der-er and a rob-ber; a re-morse-less bird of prey, who stains him-self with in-no-cent blood, and re-joi-ces in a cruel na-ture."

"Say you so, most fish-y of birds?" scream-ed the *ea-gle*, mak-ing a tre-mend-ous swoop to seize the pen-guin in his claws. But the pen-guin knew his re-venge-ful na-ture, and sought safe-ty be-neath the waves of the sea; a-bove which the *ea-gle* ho-ver-ed in wide cir-cles, in hopes of glut-ting his re-venge. But the pen-guin did not ap-pear, so that the sa-vage *ea-gle* had to re-turn home with-out in-flict-ing pun-ish-



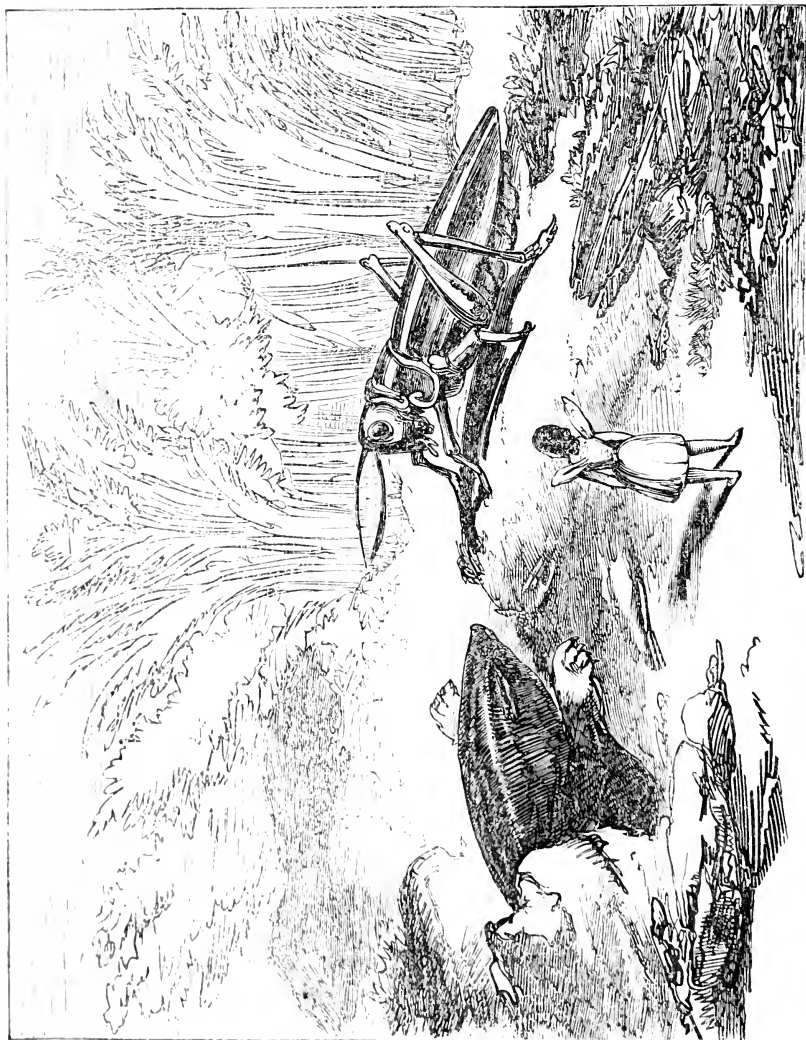


ment for what he con-si-der-ed an in-sult on his roy-al dig-ni-ty.

Ti-ny shud-der-ed at the screams of the fierce ea-gle, and flew on her way un-til she rest-ed her-self in a beau-ti-ful flow-e-ry vale, where her eyes were at-tract-ed by my-ri-ads of love-ly blos-soms that scent-ed the air a-round them. A mag-ni-fi-cent a-rum *li-ly* rear-ed its snow-white head and gold-en crown high a-bove her head. She could but look with ad-mi-ra-tion at its grace-ful and queen-like form. As she ap-proach-ed near-er, she be-held bright drops of wa-ter dis-till-ing from its leaves, that shone and spark-led like jew-els ere they fell.

“Lit-tle child,” said the li-ly, in a proud and haugh-ty tone, “ap-proach! I am not ti-mid. I was born for ad-mi-ra-tion: it is my lot to be the de-light of all who look up-on me.” Ti-ny ap-proach-ed, and, with much ti-mi-di-ty, at-tempt-ed to in-hale the o-dour of the beau-ti-ful flow-er; but start-ed back on per-ceiv-ing that it e-mit-ted no-thing but an a-crid, dis-a-gree-a-ble smell: to get rid of which she pluck-ed a few *vi-o-lets* that grew be-neath her feet.

“Thank you, dear child,” said the vi-o-lets, “for plac-ing me in your bo-som with-out a-ny of my self-praise. Let it be e-ver thus with you: ne-ver de-spise the hum-ble when you are in com-pa-ny with the as-pir-ing and proud. Look up-on yon-der state-ly li-ly, who out-ward-ly claims our at-ten-tion and re-gard, whilst it pos-sess-es no in-ward worth to make those im-pres-sions last-ing. All close ac-quaint-ance with it cau-ses it to be a-void-ed. Those bright jew-els, that hang like dew-drops from its leaves, are but, in truth, tears which it sheds for its ut-ter un-wor-thi-ness. Ap-pear-ance with-out



worth is use-less, and un-a-vail-ing to se-cure es-teem or hap-pi-ness." Ti-ny press-ed the vi-o-lets to her bo-som for their sweet les-son, and pro-ceed-ed on her way, which brought her in-to a beau-ti-ful-ly cul-ti-va-ted gar-den, where a hand-some *cat* was en-joy-ing her-self in state, on a ter-race walk.

"Puss! puss!" said Ti-ny, ap-proach-ing the sleep-ing beau-ty, "good morn-ing to you."—"Oh! good morn-ing; how are you?" re-plied puss. "I real-ly did not see you, for I was half a-sleep, af-ter be-ing up half the night at a mouse par-ty."

"In-deed!" said Ti-ny; "was it a-mus-ing?"—"To me," said the cat, sli-ly, with a ve-ry slight wink; "not to them."

"Ah! I un-der-stand," said Ti-ny; "Oh! puss! puss!"—"Did you call me?" said a pert young *hare*, pop-ping out from be-neath some large-leav-ed plant.

"You!" said the cat, look-ing down with con-tempt, "you puss!"—"Yes; I am call-ed puss in the most re-spect-a-ble cir-cles," sharp-ly re-plied the hare.

"You are a gip-sy, coun-try wan-der-er," re-pli-ed the cat, "with-out one sin-gle at-trib-ute of re-spect-a-ble cat-hood. Where is your tail, friend? cat, in-deed!"—"Tail! pooh!" said the hare; "that would be of very little use to me; but look at my mag-ni-fi-cent ears; pray where are yours?" The cat did not deign to re-ply; but rub-bed her nose with her paw. "You talk to me!" said the hare; "I, who am sought after by the ve-ry high-est peo-ple in the neigh-bour-hood, and am at most of their ta-bles! I live at large on my own es-tate, quite as good a coun-try gen-tle-man as any of them; whilst you are a short-ear-ed, long-tail-ed ser-vant, liv-ing up-on mice and any-thing you can catch; and not good for a-ny known dish when you are dead. Ha! ha! ha! puss in-deed! You are a mouse-trap."



So say-ing, he struck his foot up-on the ground, and trot-ted a-way. The cat mut-ter-ed to her-self, "fel-low!"

"Cro-ak! cro-ak!" went a *frog* close by, which at-tract-ed Ti-ny to the spot. There he sat, up-on a lit-tle bank, en-joy-ing the warmth of the sun. As she was look-ing at him, a *fish*, with sil-ver scales and glit-ter-ing eyes, pop-ped his nose out of the wa-ter, and ad-dress-ed the lux-u-ri-a-ting toad, say-ing, "I wish to good-ness, you dread-ful thing, you would cease that hor-rid noise. I can't get my lit-tle ones to sleep for it."

"Pish! pish!" said the frog, care-less-ly play-ing with a bull-rush. "If you bo-ther me about your young ones you shan't re-main in my pond."—"Your pond, in-deed, rep-tile!" said the proud fish, "why don't you take pos-ses-sion of it, then? but no! you can't re-main in it long: it is too fine for you, mud-dy mon-ster."

"Don't be in a pas-sion, my good fish," said the frog; "if you were a gen-tle-man, you would come out here and talk; but you have no-thing to stand up-on, so I pi-ty you. You are an im-per-fect thing, and there-fore be-neath the no-tice of one who stands up-on his own land. You are wel-come to call the pond yours, for I on-ly do my wash-ing there." The fish dis-ap-pear-ed, with-out re-ply-ing to this im-per-ti-nence.

A-gain Ti-ny's flight took her to the sea-shore, where she was ra-ther star-tled by the ap-pear-ance of an e-nor-mous *crab*, who was hur-ry-ing on as if up-on some most im-por-tant bu-si-ness. An im-pe-di-ment, how-e-ver, caught him by the toe and threw him o-ver. Up-on ris-ing, he saw that it was an *oys-ter* wash-ed up to the edge of the tide.

"Stu-pid-est of fish," ex-claim-ed the crab, wrath-ful-ly, "could you not get out of the way when you saw me com-ing?"



I de-clare that you have caus-ed me to hurt one of my claws dread-ful-ly." The oys-ter, o-pen-ing ve-ry slow-ly to re-ply, said, "Pray, sir, who may you be?"

"Don't you see I am a mag-ni-fi-cent crab?" re-plied he. "Oh! I see," said the oys-ter; "a shell-fish! one of us!"

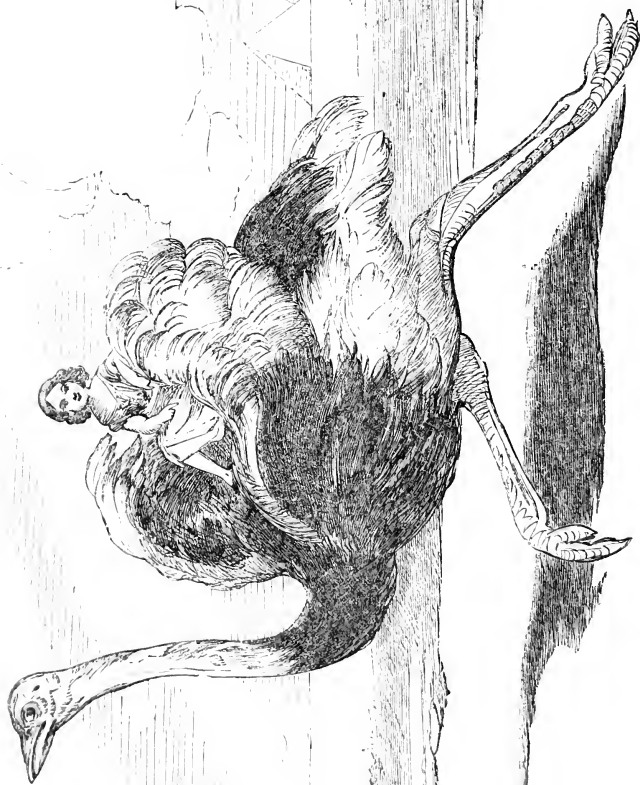
"One of us!" re-plied the crab, in scorn. "One of us! do you pre-tend to class your-self with me; a mag-ni-fi-cent struc-ture with claws, and to spare; with eyes that can see, and ar-mour of the most ad-mi-ra-ble make; stand-ing quite a-lone and pre-e-mi-nent as a shell-fish; and to be class-ed, af-ter all, with a thing like you! a lump! a stone! wash-ed a-bout by the sea, with-out the pow-er of guid-ing your-self; and no-thing more, the bet-ter part of your time, than a bit of rock at-tach-ed to a rock."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laugh-ed the oys-ter. "You stu-pid, vain thing! I real-ly can-not help laugh-ing at you. Why, with all your per-fec-tions you are al-ways scram-bling side-ways, and can't e-ven walk in a straight-for-ward way. Ha! ha! ha!" laugh-ed the oys-ter, as he snap-ped his shell. The crab pop-ped in-to the wa-ter with-out a word.

Ti-ny turn-ed from the sea and flew to-wards the fields, where she soon got in-to the com-pa-ny of a fine *grass-hop-per*, whose gold-en eyes glis-ten-ed a-midst the grass.

"How d'ye do, dear?" chirp-ed he; "I am glad to see you, for I have been bor-ed to death with this stu-pid *mole*." As he spoke, he point-ed out to Ti-ny the mole's nose just peep-ing out of his hill. "You see," con-ti-nu-ed he, "in-stead of be-ing like me, dress-ed in the green li-ve-ry of the fields, and be-ing beau-ti-ful-ly gild-ed, he is a poor, bu-ri-ed, know-no-thing, and there-fore, of course, dull com-pa-ny, and a mere clod."

"If coats and gild-ing were of a-ny use, I would say that you were in-va-lu-a-ble," said the mole; "but as you do no-thing



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THE OSTRICH CARRIAGE.



but chirp, I can-not give you the cre-dit you de-sire, and must, con-se-quent-ly, con-si-der my-self the more de-serv-ing of the two: for I de-vour the ver-min that would eat up all the corn and de-stroy the grass that shel-ters you; so that, although bu-ri-ed, I am a-live to the in-te-rests of o-thers, and ap-pre-ci-a-ted ac-cor-ding-ly."

"Ho-nes-ty re-prov-ing Va-ni-ty a-gain," thought Ti-ny, as she flew from the two dis-pu-tants.

"Where are you fly-ing so fast?" said a lit-tle blue *tit-mouse*, as he flut-ter-ed on the trunk of a tree.—"I am has-ten-ing to see as much as I can," said Ti-ny, "for my wings leave me at sun-set." "Then that has just ar-ri-ved," said he, "and I have sa-ved you a fall." As he spoke Ti-ny was as-to-nish-ed to see her wings on the ground. "Thank you, good lit-tle bird!" said Ti-ny, in a sor-row-ful voice; "but how am I to get home?"

"Take cou-rage," said the *tit-mouse*, "the good fai-ry will still pro-tect you; so pro-ceed with con-fi-dence." Say-ing this he flew a-way.

A large *os-trich* strut-ted up to her, as she stood al-most weep-ing, spread-ing out his beau-ti-ful fea-thers in e-vi-dent pride. "Lit-tle girl," said he, "per-haps you can de-cide be-tween me and that ug-ly bird in yon-der tree, which is the pret-ti-er."

"Ug-ly bird, in-deed!" said a queer *tou-can*, as he snap-ped his beak, which was near-ly as large as him-self. "I should like to know where you will see so fool-ish a bird as the *os-trich*, who has had ex-pend-ed a su-per-a-bun-dance of fea-thers up-on his bo-dy while his legs are left bare, and his wings tempt his e-ne-mies to de-stroy him with-out hav-ing the pow-er to car-ry him out of dan-ger. Why, my beau-ti-ful beak is worth his whole bo-dy."

"Well! I leave the de-ci-sion to the lit-tle girl," said the



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THE PAPER NAUTILUS.

os-trich. Ti-ny, who real-ly ad-mir-ed the beau-ti-ful os-trich, and could hard-ly re-frain from laugh-ing at the quaint tou-can, found cou-rage, at last, to say, "Well! I think you, os-trich, much the hand-som-er of the two."

The tou-can flew a-way in dis-gust; and the os-trich, pleas-ed with the de-ci-sion, turn-ed proud-ly to the lit-tle child, and said, "Where are you go-ing, lit-tle maid?"—"Oh! ma-ny, ma-ny miles," said she; "and I fear that I shall ne-ver get home, since I have flown for so long a time, hi-ther and thi-ther."—"Get up on my back," said the os-trich, stoop-ing down so that she might nes-tle be-tween his wings, where she was no soon-er snug-ly pla-ced, than he start-ed and sped like the wind, a-cross the hills, and the val-leys, and the sands, un-til he ar-ri-ved at the sea-shore. Here he stop-ped, un-a-ble, of course, to go far-ther with his lit-tle charge.—"Now, good os-trich, what am I to do?" said Ti-ny.—"Wait a bit," said he; "here comes a beau-ti-ful *nau-ti-lus*, who, I dare say, will take you a-cross the sea." The *nau-ti-lus* dan-ced up-on the waves un-til he touch-ed the sand.

"Step in, lit-tle girl," said he, "and I will bear you safe-ly o-ver the wa-ters to your home, for so the good fai-ry has com-mand-ed me." Ti-ny did not he-si-tate a mo-ment, but step-ped in-to the shell, which bore her light-ly o-ver the danc-ing foam of the sea, and, be-fore night-fall, land-ed her safe-ly on the shore, close to her home. As she walk-ed to-wards the light shin-ing in her cot-tage win-dow, she thought how kind the fai-ry had been to let her learn how ea-sy it was to see the faults of o-thers, whilst our own va-ni-ty led us to be-lieve in our own per-fec-tion.



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF:

OR,

STRENGTH AND REASON.



# THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

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DEEP in the midst of tow-er-ing moun-tains, which, pierc-ing the clouds with their gi-gan-tic peaks, seem-ed to be the rug-ged boun-da-ry of the world, liv-ed a mon-strous giant, who could peep o-ver their sum-mits and see the rud-dy, morn-ing sun ris-ing in the dis-tant val-leys. The foam-ing ri-vers im-pe-ded him not, for with his co-los-sal stride he step-ped from strand to strand, and the tur-bid wa-ters kiss-ed his feet as if in ho-mage to his pow-er.

The en-tan-gled woods of-fer-ed no im-pe-di-ment to his path; for his e-nor-mous club, made from a stu-pen-dous pine, le-vel-led their lea-fy bar-ri-ers with a blow; and he went on his de-stroy-ing way.

When his ap-pe-tite was glut-ted he clo-sed his eyes in deep and o-ver-whelm-ing sleep, his head rest-ing up-on some moun-tain's top, whose snows form-ed his pil-low, whilst his feet rest-ed on the soft green-sward of the val-leys.

He was the migh-ty gi-ant, Strength, up-on whose mind no ray of rea-son had as yet fall-en. His eyes shone not with the light of in-tel-lect: their only gleam told of fe-ro-city and wild-ness. Yes! there lay he, like a huge, le-vi-a-





han bark, toss-ed, rud-der-less, by the surg-ing waves of is sa-vage mind. He was like the brutes that prowled around him: he slew—he ate—he slept.

As the night spread black and length-en-ing sha-dows o-ver the val-ley the gi-ant slum-ber-ed in dis-mal gloom: am-phi-bi-ous brutes were heard splash-ing in their dark and oo-zy beds seek-ing their prey: the an-swer-ing roars of the fo-rest hordes shook the trem-bling leaves, and roll-ed a-way in me-lan-cho-ly ca-dence down the vast vis-tas of e-cho-ing woods: a-non the yell of fu-ri-ous com-bat, as brute met brute in their mid-night prowls, told of de-struc-tion and death.

Such was the a-bode of Strength.

Rea-son wan-der-ed a-midst the wild woods that were rot-ting use-less-ly in the damp and dark glades where no sun e-ver threw its cheer-ing in-flu-ence, and sigh-ed o-ver the waste, think-ing how soon might this pro-di-gal a-bund-ance be made sub-ser-vi-ent to the good of man if once he pla-ced his hand to the work.

A pon-de-rous piece of rock block-ed up his way, ap-pa-rent-ly too large for six such forms as his to move; but Rea-son, no-thing daunt-ed, tore up a young tree, and, us-ing it as a le-ver, soon suc-ceed-ed in re-mov-ing the im-pe-di-ment from his path. Whilst he was so oc-cu-pi-ed, the non-ster Strength was watch-ing his won-drous pow-er with jea-lous eyes. “What pig-my elf is this,” growl-ed he to him-self, “who dares to vie with me in deeds of might, and in my own do-main?”



With-out more a-do he tore, with his migh-ty hands, a rock, lit-tle less than a moun-tain, from its bed; and, in doing so, a few de-tach-ed pie-ces roll-ed at the foot of Reason. He start-ed and be-held the tow-er-ing form of the grim mon-ster, hold-ing a-loft the mas-sive rock, in the act of hurl-ing it down upon him. But a mo-ment! and the cross-bow, which was slung at his back, was brought round to his hand, and fit-ted with a bolt. The mon-ster he-si-ta-ted for a mo-ment at-tract-ed by the ac-ti-on, the rea-son for which he could not di-vine.

Reason felt his im-mi-nent dan-ger; and, with pre-sence of mind, lost not a mo-ment; but, tak-ing good aim at the fore-head of the grin-ning gi-ant, let fly the shaft. It sped its way with an o-mi-nous whirr, and did its er-rand in the cen-tre of the mon-ster's fore-head. The rock fell from his un-nerv-ed hand, and dash-ing down the val-ley, with thun-der-ing re-bounds, burst in-to a thou-sand frag-ments. Not less loud was the fall of the gi-ant, who bent slow-ly, like an e-nor-mous pine, and then fell, with a groan, to the earth. At the migh-ty crash all na-ture seem-ed a-larm-ed; the beasts roar-ed in the fast-ness-es of the fo-rest, and the birds of prey wheel-ed, in skirt-ing cir-cles, high and a-bove the scene of the dread-ful din.

Reason rush-ed up-on his in-sen-si-ble foe, who, he knew, up-on the re-co-ve-ry of his sen-ses, would im-me-di-ate-ly sa-cri-fice him to his re-venge, and pon-der-ed up-on the best means to se-cure his safe-ty from a foe so for-mid-a-ble.



A mo-ment! and Rea-son was bu-sy twist-ing a strong rope from a pa-ra-site creep-er, which grew in rich lux-u-ri-ance a-round the stem of a no-ble tree in the neigh-bour-hood. No soon-er did he con-si-der it of suf-fi-ci-ent length and strength, than he bound it, in strong folds, a-round the an-kles of the still in-sen-si-ble gi-ant. But this was of lit-tle a-vail; for, up-on his re-co-ve-ry, he would soon rend his bonds a-sun-der, could he but once get them with-in reach of his hand. Once more the rea-dy in-ge-nu-i-ty of Rea-son came to his aid. He look-ed a-round for a branch of some tree to as-sist his pur-pose. He no soon-er dis-co-ver-ed one than he threw the loose end of the rope o-ver it, and pulled with all his strength un-til he rais-ed the pon-der-ous feet of the gi-ant high in the air; then, fast-en-ing it to a tree at some dis-tance, sat down to breathe in com-pa-ra-tive safe-ty.

The re-sto-ra-ti-on of the gi-ant's con-sci-ous-ness was slow: with aw-ful groans, which made the very earth vi-brate, he turn-ed a-round his lan-guid and blood-shot eyes; when, per-ceiv-ing his lit-tle an-ta-go-nist watch-ing him from a neigh-bour-ing rock, he strug-gled vi-o-lent-ly to loose his im-pri-son-ed legs, twist-ing in his bonds like a de-mo-ni-ac. The earth and stones flew from about him, and the dust rose in thick vo-lumes from a-midst the crack-ing branch-es, as he roll-ed over in his ma-lig-nant rage.

Rea-son trem-bled as he saw how soon such strug-gles would free the mon-ster. With hur-ri-ed steps he turn-ed from the con-tem-pla-ti-on of the sight, and plung-ed in-to



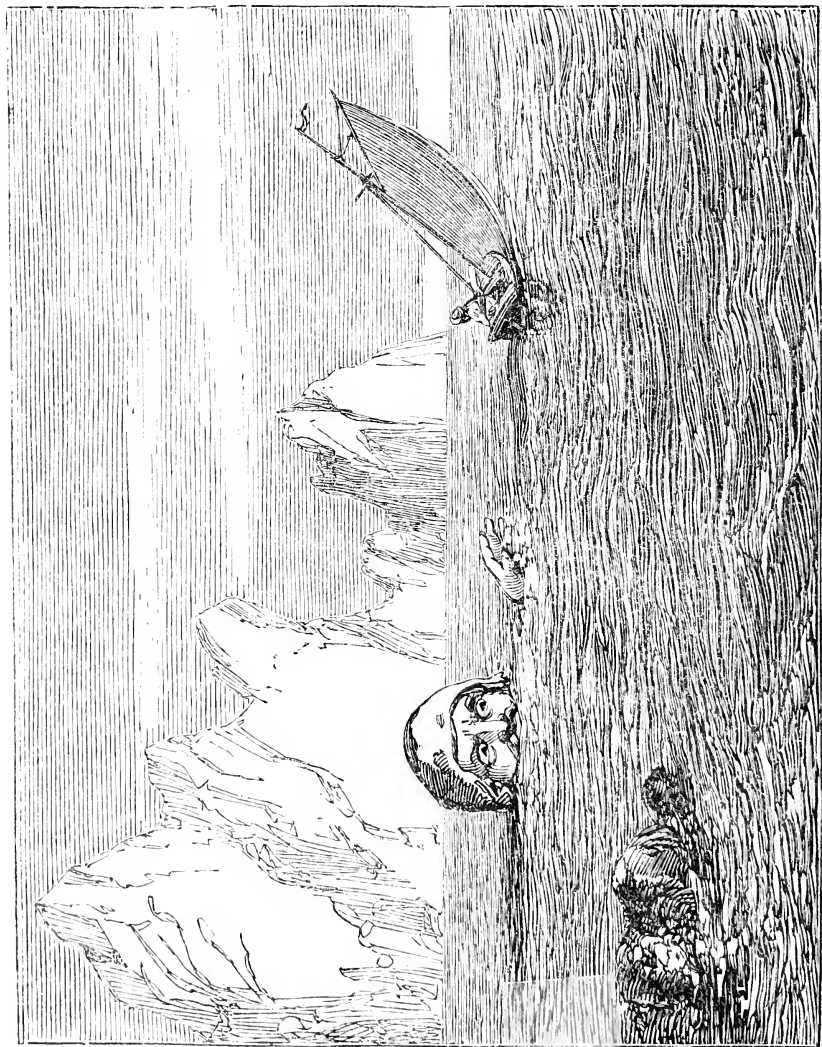
the ob-scu-ri-ty of the woods, mak-ing his way to the shore, upon which he had land-ed so short a time be-fore.

O-ver-whelm-ed as the brute Strength was by his mis-for-tune, and the rage of be-ing cir-cum-vent-ed from a quar-ter so con-temp-ti-ble, he en-dea-vour-ed to find some plan to re-lease him-self from his pain-ful po-si-ti-on. As he tore at his bonds he roar-ed forth ma-le-dic-tions up-on his fly-ing foe, which sound-ed like thun-der a-bove the tu-mult of his strug-gles. At last he was cheer-ed by the crack-ing of the branch from which he was sus-pend-ed: an-o-ther vi-o-lent ef-fort, more pow-er-ful than the rest, brought it to the earth. He did not lose an in-stant, but, with trem-bling rage, tore the knot-ted rope from his im-pri-son-ed feet; and, gaz-ing a-round, like an an-gry li-on, seiz-ed up-on a pine-tree, and, drag-ging it out by the roots, form-ed it in-to a club, and then thun-der-ed down the val-ley af-ter his pu-ny e-ne-my, like some migh-ty a-va-lanche.

The sea, like a li-quad e-me-rald, glanc-ed with a my-ri-ad of jew-el-like sparks to-wards the yel-low shore: the snow-white foam dan-ced a-midst the paint-ed shells up-on the soft sands, and then died in rain-bow bub-bles a-midst the cling-ing weeds.

Like a bird of the sea rode a ti-ny bark up-on the wave, toss-ing its lit-tle head, and rock-ing with im-pa-ti-ence at the slend-er bonds which kept it from fly-ing a-way to the dis-tant ho-ri-zon. It was Rea-son's lit-tle bark that mov-ed so like a liv-ing thing.

But he comes; with rap-id leaps he bounds o-ver the





fall-en rocks that lie scat-ter-ed on the beach. He stands ir-re-so-lute, but soon a-wa-kens from his wa-ver-ing thoughts, and wades to the a-sy-lum of his bark. She is free, and turns, with out-spread wings, to bear him a-way.

Wild cries re-sound a-midst the rug-ged cliffs; the af-fright-ed sea-birds wheel from their roc-ky nests, and scream their way far o-ver the o-ce-an.

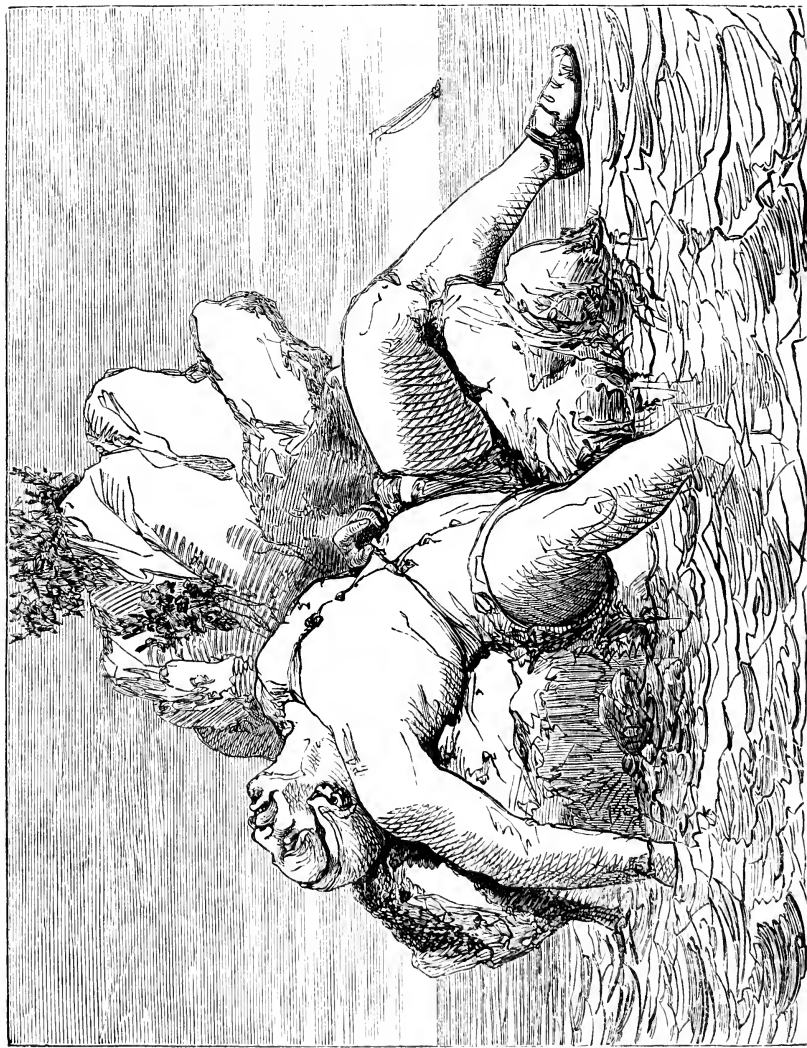
The mon-ster Strength ap-pears, grasp-ing his tree-club, and, foam-ing with rage, he gazes, with a stare of won-der, at the chang-ed ap-pear-ance of his an-ta-go-nist, who, he thinks, has spread e-nor-mous wings to e-lude him in his just re-venge.

He plun-ges in-to the waves which boil a-round him, prop-el-led by his e-nor-mous bulk. On he wades, un-til the wa-ters rise a-bout him high-er and high-er; but yet that lit-tle bark flies on, as if in mock-e-ry of his migh-ty ef-forts.

Fear be-gins to creep round the heart of the pur-su-er as the waves lift him from his feet, and dash, in rude scorn, their foam-ing crests into his face. He stops. Rea-son reefs his snow-y sails and dan-ces, like a fea-ther, al-most with-in his reach; rage blinds the mon-ster, and he rush-es on, still deep-er. A-gain the wings un-furl, and speed Rea-son on his way.

At last the waves creep up to the lips of Strength, and his eyes glare with suf-fo-ca-tion, and his brute cou-rage sinks with the chill at his heart.

Rea-son ap-proach-es near-er, un-til his voice can be heard, and cries with a loud voice to his drown-ing foe—

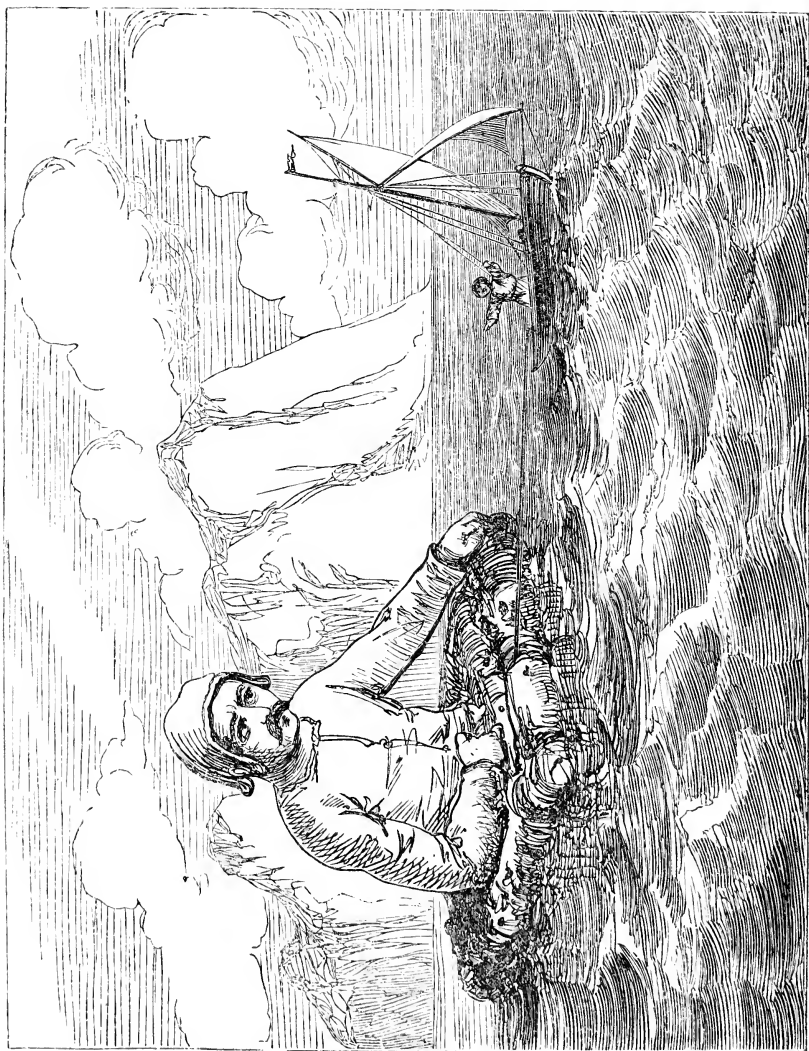


“Lis-ten, mon-ster, I will take pi-ty on you, or you will be swept a-way to rot in some migh-ty ca-vern of the deep. If you will be guid-ed by me, I will save you; fol-low the course of my bark, and I will soon bring you to a small is-land where you may rest, for your own land has long a-go sunk in the dis-tant ho-ri-zon.”

So say-ing, Rea-son turn-ed his bark, keep-ing a safe dis-tance, so as to se-cure re-treat. The baf-fled gi-ant fol-low-ed, sub-du-ed. Quick-ly there a-rose a lit-tle, bar-ren is-land, which, guid-ed by Reason, he soon reach-ed, and threw him-self up-on it, near-ly cov-er-ing it with his e-nor-mous form. Rea-son sail-ed a-round and a-round, care-ful-ly keep-ing out of his reach, un-til hun-ger and ex-haus-tion should have tam-ed him.

The sun sank be-neath the rus-set clouds, and dis-ap-pear-ed in the bo-som of the blush-ing waves, yet still the gi-ant lay pros-trate a-midst the rocks of the lit-tle is-let, his huge limbs part-ly la-ved by the waves that dan-ced and rip-pled a-round him; no ap-pear-ance of a-ni-ma-tion be-to-ken-ed him liv-ing, but the move-ment of his scowl-ing brow, which was cor-ru-ga-ted by the fierce pas-sion that boil-ed in his heart as he pon-der-ed on his sit-u-a-tion, and his de-pen-dence on a mite so con-temp-ti-ble as he held Rea-son to be.

The moon rose, and scat-ter-ed her sil-ver rays o-ver the leap-ing waves, that leapt high-er and high-er, like hounds with the ant-ler-ed stag at bay, to drag the mon-ster from his roc-ky bed. He rais-ed him-self in dis-may when he



found, as he thought, his is-land of re-fuge sink-ing in-to the bo-som of the deep. He clam-ber-ed up the rock, but the re-lent-less waves, ere long, a-gain roll-ed o-ver his feet, as if eager for their prey.

He gaz-es in des-pair on the lim-it-less wa-ters. Where is his is-land gone? The world, to him, seems bu-ri-ed, by some mi-ra-cle, be-neath the wa-ters; all sunk but that small speck of earth, which ere long will leave him to the mer-cy of the mon-sters of the deep. He shud-ders as he sees their fins rise up-on the crest of e-ve-ry com-ing wave, and hears their huge bo-dies strike for a mo-ment up-on the shoal-ing rocks.

Fear fell up-on him as he look-ed up-on the in-ter-mi-na-ble mys-te-ry of the o-ce-an, half hid-den by the fly-ing sha-dows of the pass-ing clouds, and heard the surg-ing voice of the waves, as they leap-ed and ca-reer-ed o-ver each o-ther in an-gry tur-moil; fear pa-ra-lys-ed him, and he cried a-loud for help. Rea-son ap-proach-ed, and spoke.

“Strength, use-less with-out my aid, at-tend, and I will res-cue you, and bring you a-gain up-on the earth, as you so much de-sire, where I will teach you such things as will make you pow-er-ful in-deed. Pro-ceed, there-fore, to tear up the trees which grow up-on the sum-mit of the rock which sup-ports you, bind them to-ge-ther by the long trail-ing creep-ers, and en-cir-cle your-self with them, so that when the wa-ters rise, you may float to-wards me; I will then at-tach you to my bark, and guide you, like a good pi-lot, out of the im-mi-nent dan-ger which threat-ens you.”



With-out more a-do, the gi-ant Strength set to work and did as Rea-son bade him, and quick-ly form-ed a raft, which he built a-round him.

Rea-son threw out a rope to him, which was at-tach-ed to the stern of his lit-tle boat, and, spread-ing his sails, tow-ed him a-way for the land which was hid-den by the ob-scu-ri-ty of the night.

A-way and a-way they went, un-til long af-ter the sun had en-li-ven-ed the heav-ing waves. Rea-son spoke in a loud voice to the gi-ant, who no lon-ger look-ed up-on him as an e-ne-my, but be-liev-ed in one so migh-ty, though ap-pa-rent-ly so small, and look-ed with sim-ple ea-ger-ness for the land of pro-mise spo-ken of by Rea-son.

At length the land was gain-ed, and Strength, no lon-ger a fu-ri-ous sav-age, stood sub-du-ed by the side of Rea-son. They rest-ed on the roc-ky shore, where Rea-son spoke in words of con-vin-cing mild-ness to the won-der-ing and bar-ba-rous gi-ant Strength.

As they sat con-vers-ing, an ea-gle flew from the o-ver-hang-ing cliff. The wild ten-ant of the rocks scream-ed a-loud, in swoop-ing cir-cles, as it be-held the mon-ster and his guide. Rea-son un-slung the cross-bow from his should-er, and bade the gi-ant ob-serve him. As the ea-gle, with threat-en-ing eye, wheel-ed far a-bove his head, the twang of his bow-string was heard, and the fa-tal bolt sped up-on its er-rand, and trans-fix-ed the mon-arch in mid-air. A few feath-ers float-ed a-way, and the wild bird's bo-dy fell, with a re-bound, at the feet of Strength.





Where would have been the use of Strength there, un-less Rea-son had fa-shi-on-ed the bolt?

They pro-ceed-ed on un-til they came up-on a ma-jes-tic el-e-phant, feed-ing in the deep jun-gle of the wood; and Strength was as-ton-ish-ed to see Rea-son com-mence forming a pit-fall, and care-ful-ly co-ver it with boughs torn from the sur-round-ing trees. When he had com-plete-ly dis-guis-ed his trap, he show-ed him-self to the e-le-phant, who rush-ed upon him with wild, trum-pet-like yell; but he had not pro-ceed-ed many paces be-fore he fell, with a dread-ful crash, in-to the trap, and was at the mer-cy of his pu-ny con-quer-or.

Rea-son guid-ed Strength for-ward in-to the heart of the land. He per-suad-ed Strength to lift mas-sive stones, and pile them, un-der his di-rec-ti-on, one up-on the o-ther; un-til Strength be-held, with won-der, that, by at-tend-ing to Rea-son and cul-ti-vat-ing his good will, he had rear-ed a pa-lace.

“Now,” said Rea-son, “we must build, in these wilds, small-er struc-tures, that will be the pa-la-ces of the poor; for with-out them the pa-lace of the no-ble would be as nought. The care for the poor is the du-ty of the rich; and the love of the ma-n-y is the se-cu-ri-ty and strength of the strong.

Join-ed in a-mi-ty with Rea-son, Strength e-ve-ry day pro-ceed-ed in his good works, and soon be-gan to dis-co-ver the va-lue of his les-sons, and his own po-si-tive use-less-ness with-out his aid and ad-vice.

One day they e-merg-ed from a dark ra-vine in the moun-tains, and, look-ing down up-on the val-ley, Strength be-held



with won-der, that the green-sward was bur-den-ed with the heap-ed bo-dies of the slain. He start-ed at the sight of the car-ri-on birds feast-ing on the bo-dies of the war-ri-ors ly-ing help-less in their glo-ry.

“What is this, Rea-son?” ex-claim-ed he.

“This,” re-pli-ed Rea-son, “is caus-ed by my ab-sence: had I been in the midst it could not have ta-ken place. It is the quar-rel of the great, where-in the lit-tle suf-fer. It is the ap-peal of the un-just to wrong the right. De-so-la-tion and mi-se-rydis-guise them-selves in rich pa-no-ply, and strike, with the edge of the sword, men, wo-men, and chil-dren; and it is call-ed glo-ry: it is a de-lu-sion, hand-ed down by bar-ba-ri-ans, known by the name of war.”

“Why do you not show them the fol-ly of this?” said Strength.

“I must bide my time,” re-pli-ed Rea-son; “the world is not yet pre-par-ed to lis-ten to me, or be-lieve in my doc-trines. I shall yet tri-umph; and the day is not a-far off when such scenes as we now look up-on with a shud-der will be re-mem-ber-ed on-ly, by hu-ma-ni-ty, as things of the dark a-ges.”

The stars of night pal-ed in-to in-dis-tinct-ness, as the ro-sy tint of the morn-ing tin-ged the few clouds that linger-ed in the sky with the bright li-ve-ry of day.

The soft twit-ter of the birds, as they flew from branch to branch, was the first to-ken of a-wak-en-ing na-ture: soon the am-bi-ti-ous lark wend-ed his way in-to the bright e-ther of the skies, trill-ing with lus-ty notes his sweet an-them as a wel-come to the morn-ing.



The sheep-bell sound-ed sooth-ing-ly from the dis-tance, as the ea-ger flocks, freed by the hind, sought the soft herbage of the bree-zy downs, and the blue va-pour-y smoke rose from a-midst the tall trees, show-ing that in-dus-try was pre-par-ing for a new day.

Strength look-ed down, with in-ter-est, up-on the tran-quil face of na-ture, so sooth-ing in its calm and pla-cid fea-tures, that he was charm-ed in-to si-lence by the ma-gic of its peace-ful in-flu-ence.

At length Rea-son broke the si-lence of his re-ve-rie.

“No won-der,” said he, “that you look with plea-sure, al-most com-plete hap-pi-ness, up-on a scene so dif-fer-ent from the last ter-ri-ble and a-go-nis-ing one; for here you see the re-sult of strength well di-rect-ed; where the earth is not cum-ber-ed with the slain, but co-ver-ed with a gold-en har-vest, for the good and sus-te-nance of man, and from which the real glo-ry is reap-ed; where man’s hand is not a-gainst his fel-low, but on-ly rais-ed to as-sist him with his bur-den. In-dus-try claims her right from her la-bour of love, and her right-ful share in the boun-ties of na-ture. Peace grants it her, be-cause it is just: were it un-just, she must ap-peal to war, when the har-vest would be blood-shed, ra-pine, and de-struc-tion. You per-ceive that I have been here, and here are my chil-dren; and my re-wards, co-ver-ing the fields with gold, are a-round and a-bout you.”

He con-clud-ed, and they pro-ceed-ed on their way.

He led Strength down the sheep-paths that twi-ned their



they saw in-nu-me-ra-ble ves-sels, crowd-ing in-to a har-bour, point-ed out by a bea-con light, which, in dark-ness and storms, guid-ed the wave-toss-ed ma-ri-ner to moor-ings of safe-ty.

“Be-hold!” ex-claim-ed Rea-son, as he point-ed to their ma-n-y and par-ty-co-lour-ed en-signs, “you see be-fore you the flags of ma-n-y na-ti-ons com-ing, in safe-ty and con-fi-dence, in-to the same har-bour; their on-ly ri-val-ry the pure am-bi-ti-on of in-dus-try. Yes, thank hea-ven! I breathe my spi-rit in-to the bo-soms of the chil-dren of earth, and, like you, they be-gin to dis-co-ver the in-fa-tu-a-ti-on which has so long blind-ed na-ti-ons to the true use and mean-ing of strength. In-dus-try is found to be the true war-ri-or, who reaps the great-est glo-ry from his fields, that yield the food for thou-sands of his fel-low-crea-tures.”

Strength plac-ed his migh-ty hand in-to the grasp of Rea-son, as a pro-mise of e-ter-nal bro-ther-hood; and they walk-ed down in-to the midst of the peo-ple.

THE END.





# THE SELFISH MAN:

OR,

THE WORLD'S TEACHING.



# THE SELFISH MAN.

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CARL in-he-rit-ed his fa-ther's farm, with all its herds and stores of corn. E-ve-ry barn and stack-yard was teeming with a-bun-dance; yet, strange to say, Carl had no eyes to see all this, for his sole de-sire seem-ed to be to a-mass more; for he work-ed day and night, as if he had been the poor-est pea-sant in the vil-lage. He was known as the least ge-ne-rous farm-er in the coun-try, and no man work-ed for him who could get a liv-ing else-where. His house-hold ser-vants were con-ti-nu-al-ly leav-ing him in dis-gust, for they were half-starv-ed. This ve-ry lit-tle af-fect-ed him; for he had a kind, good sis-ter, A-mil, who was an ex-cel-lent house-keep-er, and was con-ti-nu-al-ly look-ing af-ter his comfort, al-though she tri-ed, by her o-pen-hand-ed-ness, to make up for her bro-ther's par-si-mo-ny. But he was too sharp to let her do much.

Carl was such a cun-ning fel-low that he al-ways di-ned a-lone, be-cause he made sure of a hot din-ner, and had no one to help but him-self; and his sis-ter, hav-ing had her lit-tle bit of din-ner, could most con-ve-ni-ent-ly wait up-on him. He said, he did not like to keep any one wait-ing, as he was so un-cer-tain; but he ne-ver miss-ed the hour fix-ed for his dinner to be ready. So Carl was cun-ning, which is a ta-lent to be a-void-ed.



A-mil had a suit-or for her hand who was well to do in the world; but Carl al-ways treat-ed him cold-ly, as he fear-ed to lose his sis-ter, who was his ser-vant with-out wages. You may guess that they were not the best of friends, as the mo-tive was so ap-pa-rent to es-cape the eyes of the most un-ob-ser-vant. But Carl did not want friends: he al-ways said that he car-ed his friends in his purse: but, a-las! they were his great-est ene-mies.

One morn-ing, he was stand-ing, cal-cu-la-ting his pro-fits from a field of corn that was wa-ving its gold-en pro-duce around him, when he felt the earth un-du-late be-neath his feet. "Why, what an e-nor-mous mole this must be!" said he, and he mo-ved off the spot and pre-pa-red to strike the crea-ture the mo-ment it made its ap-pear-ance: but the earth roll-ed over in such large mass-es, that it up-set good mas-ter Carl, who mea-sur-ed his length on the ground, not a lit-tle dis-ay-ed. But his dis-may was won-der-ful-ly in-creas-ed when he saw rise from the earth, not a mole, but a gnome of most ter-ri-ous as-pect, dress-ed out in a fine crim-son dou-blet, with stream-ing fea-ther from his cap. He ga-zed up-on Carl with a look which bo-ded him no good.

"How d'ye do, farm-er?" said he, with a sar-don-ic grin which did not par-ti-cu-lar-ly please Carl. "What, in hea-ven's name, are you?" gasp-ed Carl.

"No-thing in hea-ven's name," re-plied the gnome, "for I am a spi-rit of e-vil."—"I hope you do not in-tend me a-ny harm," said Carl, with a most hum-ble look.

"Well! I re-al-ly don't know. I on-ly in-tend to reap your corn by moon-light to-night, as my hor-ses, though they are su-per-na-tu-ral, eat a most su-per-na-tu-ral lot of corn, and



which I ge-ne-ral-ly col-lect from those who can best af-ford to spare it.”—“Oh, my dear sir!” scream-ed Carl, “I am the poor-est farm-er in this dis-trict, and I have a sis-ter to keep, and have had se-vere loss-es.”

“Why, you are Carl Grip-pen-hau-sen, are you not?” said the gnome.—“Yes, sir,” stam-mer-ed Carl.

“Those large stacks of corn, stand-ing like a lit-tle town, are yours, are they not?” said the gnome.—“Yes, sir,” a-gain re-plied Carl.

“That mag-ni-fi-cent show of tur-nips, and that long sweep of a-ra-ble land, and those throng-ing herds and flocks that co-ver the moun-tain’s side, are yours al-so, I be-lieve?”—“Yes, sir,” said Carl, with a trem-bling voice, hor-ri-fi-ed at the gnome’s cor-rect i-de-a of his pos-ses-si-ons.

“You a poor man! O fie!” said the gnome, sha-king his fin-ger re-pro-ving-ly at the mi-se-ra-ble Carl; “if you are not more care-ful not to tell fibs, I shall, with one sweep, make your shock-ing sto-ries come true: fie! fie! fie!” With the last “fie” down he sank in-to the earth; but the hole did not close up; so Carl shout-ed his en-trea-ties for mer-cy down af-ter his strange vi-si-tor, but he re-ceiv-ed no re-ply.

He wan-der-ed des-pond-ing-ly home: as he ap-proach-ed it through the copse, he ob-serv-ed his sis-ter’s sui-tor Wil-helm chat-ting o-ver the gar-den wall with her. A thought struck him—a self-ish one, you may be sure. Be-fore they had per-ceiv-ed his ap-proach, he rush-ed for-ward and seiz-ed Wil-helm by the hand in the most friend-ly man-ner, and, oh! won-der of won-ders! ask-ed him in to din-ner with him. Of course, the as-ton-ish-ed Wil-helm com-plied with a ve-ry good grace. Af-ter the meal, out came Car-lo’s cun-ning i-de-a, to the





a-maze-ment of Wil-helm and his sis-ter. What do you think it was? Why, no more nor less than to ex-change his large field of corn just rea-dy to cut, for one of Wil-helm's with a much less crop. Af-ter a deal of press-ing and joy-ous good na-ture on his part, the cu-ri-ous bar-gain was com-ple-ted, and Wil-helm de-part-ed a much rich-er man than he came.

Carl went to bed that night, hug-ging him-self up-on the trans-fer that he had made to the ge-nu-ine heart-ed Wil-helm, of the crop which was to be reap-ed at moon-light by the gnome, for his ra-pa-ci-ous hor-ses.

His eyes o-pen-ed at the first peep of day; for the gnome's vi-sit had haunt-ed his sleep. He hur-ri-ed on his clothes, and went out in-to the fields to see the ef-fect of the gnome's night har-vest: but, there stood the corn, un-du-la-ting in the ear-ly morn-ing's breeze. "Sure-ly," thought Carl, "I must have been dream-ing." With that, he walk-ed o-ver the hill to take a view of the field for which he had ex-chan-ged his own threat-en-ed crop; when, what was his hor-ror to see it near-ly clear-ed of its pro-duce, and the hor-rid lit-tle gnome work-ing away with the few last sheaves, which he was cast-ing down a-to a deep, dark chasm of the earth!

"Gra-ci-ous me! what are you do-ing?" cried he: "I thought you said that you were go-ing to reap yon-der field!"

"I said," re-plied the gnome, "that I was go-ing to take our crop of corn. Now, that is Wil-helm's, or I o-ver-heard wrong: is it not so?"

"Yes, mi-se-ra-ble wretch that I am!" groan-ed Carl, who sank on his knees to sup-pli-cate the gnome for mer-cy, who, how-e-ver, threw down the last sheaf; which be-ing done, the earth clo-sed up, leav-ing no ap-pear-ance of the place which had swal-low-ed up the a-bun-dant crop.



"Now I have shut my sta-ble door, you see," said the gnome, with a grin. "Now I shall go and rest my-self: good morn-ing, Carl." With that, he walk-ed a-way with a qui-et, sa-tis-fied air.

Carl wan-der-ed a-bout, al-most dis-tract-ed, for-get-ting even his din-ner, un-til night-fall, when he re-turn-ed home, re-fu-sing to an-swer his sis-ter's af-fec-ti-on-ate ques-ti-ons, but walk-ed off sul-ki-ly to bed. He had scarce-ly pla-ced his be-wil-der-ed head up-on his pil-low, when a voice a-rou-sed him, say-ing, "Carl, my good friend, I have come to have a lit-tle talk with you; so wake up, and list-en."

He pop-ped his head out from un-der the clothes, and be-held that his cham-ber was il-lu-mi-na-ted by a bright light, which show-ed him the gnome sit-ting on the floor of the room. "Ah! wretch!" ex-claim-ed he, "do you come to rob me of my rest as well as my corn? Go! or I will wreak my ven-ge-ance on you."

"Come, come," said the gnome, laugh-ing, "that is ra-ther too good! Do you not know, you stu-pid fel-low, that I am but a sha-dow; that you may as well thrash the air, as to at-tempt the same pro-cess with me? Be-sides, I am here to pro-mise you un-bound-ed wealth; for you are a man after my own heart. Are you not self-lov-ing and cun-ning to a mar-vel-lous de-gree? List-en, then, my good Carl. Meet me to-mor-row e-ven-ing, be-fore the sun is down, and I will show you where a wealth of gold is sto-red, which, in a-bun-dance, is be-yond the con-cep-ti-on of the hu-man race. Get rid of your pal-try farm. The fool who loves your sis-ter would be an ex-cel-lent vic-tim, as he has friends who would as-sist him to take it off your hands; al-though what he would give you is of lit-tle con-se-quence,



for the trea-sure that I will show you will make you dis-dain the pal-try sum that you re-a-lize by such means. Good night! plea-sant dreams!" The light fa-ded, and he was gone. "De-light-ful!" said Carl. "Ah!" and Carl was in his first sleep.

The next day e-ve-ry bo-dy thought Carl mad, only his na-tu-ral dis-po-si-ti-on made him stic-kle for the last coin in the pay-ment from Wil-helm, who was too pleas-ed to come in-to the ar-range-ment with him; on-ly he was ve-ry doubt-ful as to his re-a-li-ty, so much was he sur-pri-sed. At last all was ar-ran-ged, and the mor-row was ap-point-ed for A-mil's wed-ding,—as, of course, Wil-helm took her, for bet-ter or worse, with the farm. Carl would not wait for that mor-row, but, af-ter kiss-ing his sis-ter, left her in the hands of some re-la-ti-ons, and de-part-ed. He found the gnome sit-ting on a stile, as the most na-tu-ral gen-tle-man would.

"You are as punc-tu-al as the clock, Carl," said he; "I am pleas-ed to see it, for we must be at the foot of yon-der moun-tain ere the moon ri-ses." With that, he jump-ed down from his perch; and they pur-su-ed their way un-til they came to the mar-gin of a lake, when, to Carl's great sur-prise, the gnome trot-ted o-ver the sur-face as if it had been fro-zen. "Come on, my friend," said he, turn-ing to Carl, who he-si-ta-ted to fol-low him. He, how-e-ver, see-ing no help for it, was soon up to his neck, and stri-king out for the op-po-site shore, which the gnome had long gain-ed. When he ar-ri-ved, in his turn, he was in ra-ther a dis-a-gree-a-ble plight: his teeth chat-ter-ed, and the wa-ter, drip-ping from his clothes, made a min-i-a-ture lake at his feet. "Don't let us have a-ny more of that sort of thing, if you please, Mr. Gnome," said he, in ra-ther a sul-ky tone, "or I must cut your ac-quaint-ance."



"Cut my acquaintance, will you?" said the gnome, with a grin; "my dear Carl, that is out of your power. You have, of your own will, dipped yourself in the fairy lake, which makes you mine for some time to come. Had I a strong chain to you, you would not follow me more surely; so, come on again, and think of the reward.

Carl was rather startled at this announcement, but found that it was positively true; for, as the gnome moved on, he was forced, by some irresistible power, to follow him. Presently they came to the precipitous side of a mountain, down which the gnome slid with the most perfect self-possession and the most erect form; but poor Carl went down in a less dignified style, with such an impetus that the large stones flew right and left of him in dire confusion, bounding with a reverberating crash down the frightful precipices which surrounded him on every side. And his clothes suffered in a most shocking way: stitches flew, and large pieces of his broad-cloth were rent away with a tug: for he could not arrest his career to disengage himself from the tough thorn bushes that, with the most persevering attachment, seized little bits of him as he flew by them. At last he rolled like a ball at the foot of the descent, where the gnome stood coolly regaling his nostrils with the fragrance of a wild flower.

Carl sat for a moment, with his blood boiling, to recover his breath, when, with concentrated rage, he screamed out—"Brutal gnome! I will not follow you a step farther, or you shall carry me; for I am bruised from head to foot: look what a figure you have made me!"

"Ah! very good!" said the unmoved gnome; "we shall see, my boy! Now, I don't feel the slightest inconvenience;





and you will find, up-on our fur-ther ac-quaint-ance, that I bear the mis-for-tunes of o-thers with a won-der-ful phi-lo-so-phy. Come on, Carl, my dear friend." This hor-ri-ble "come on" be-gan to sound with fright-ful mean-ing in the ears of Carl; but, as be-fore, he was o-bli-ged to o-bey it; and he went on, and on, till his teeth chat-ter-ed with the cold, and he per-ceiv-ed that the warm land-scape had chan-ged in-to the drea-ri-ness of win-ter; and, from the tow-er-ing ice-bergs fast gath-er-ing a-round him, he sup-po-sed that they must be cross-ing some vast sea. Al-most be-numb-ed in-to a fee-ble crawl, he beg-ged and im-plo-red the gnome to rest for a few mo-ments. At last the gnome seat-ed him-self.

"I on-ly stop to o-blige you," said he, "but I think it dan-ger-ous not to keep mo-ving." So say-ing, he pull-ed out a pipe, which seem-ed much too large e-ver to have been in his pock-et, and, stri-king a light, be-gan to en-joy it with the most com-fort-a-ble as-pect, as if he had been sit-ting in Carl's snug chim-ney cor-ner. Poor Carl look-ed at him with chat-ter-ing teeth and suf-fer-ing limbs for some time, and then beg-ged for just one warm whiff or two from the glow-ing pipe.

"Daren't do it, Carl; it's de-mon to-bac-co, and much too strong for you: warm your fin-gers, if you can, in the smoke. What you want, I can't i-ma-gine; for I am com-fort-a-ble e-nough: but you have no phi-lo-so-phy." Carl groan-ed, but said no-thing to the im-mo-va-ble smo-ker.

Af-ter a long smoke, the gnome knock-ed the ash-es out of his pipe on the toe of his boot, and said, with the most af-fec-tion-ate smile, to the fro-zen Carl—"My good friend! you re-al-ly do not look well: per-haps we had bet-ter walk on." He rose im-me-di-ate-ly, and poor Carl stum-bled on af-ter him.



“We shall soon be warm-er, my dear friend,” said he, turn-ing to Carl, who mere-ly grunt-ed a re-ply as he fol-low-ed, feel-ing how im-pos-si-ble it was to re-sist his fate.

And they were soon warm-er: for the ice dis-ap-pear-ed; the grass co-ver-ed the land; the flow-ers bloom-ed in wild lux-u-ri-ance; and the blush-ing grapes hung in tempt-ing clus-ters on the wide-spread-ing vines. Up the moun-tain’s side they toil-ed,—at least, Carl toil-ed—for to the gnome, up or down was all the same,—un-til the moun-tain be-came scorch-ed and de-so-late. Cin-ders crum-bled be-neath their tread, and noi-some va-pours as-cend-ed from the riv-en earth. “Where are we go-ing now, I won-der?” groan-ed Carl to him-self, for he found that speak-ing to the de-mon was on-ly waste of time. He was not long left in doubt, for the roar of a vast vol-ca-no struck up-on his ear, and the fall-ing stones pat-ter-ed on his head and shoul-ders. From rock to rock he strug-gled on, in the a-go-ny of pe-ril e-ve-ry mo-ment; for his foot-ing be-came a-larm-ing-ly in-se-cure, the sti-pling smoke im-pe-ded his sight, whilst the ir-re-sis-ti-ble sum-mons of the gnome sound-ed in his ears, “Come on! come on!” un-til his sen-ses seem-ed to de-sert him, when he was on-ly con-sci-ous that he was fall-ing down the side of the moun-tain. A loud splash and the cold dash of wa-ter an-noun-ced his ar-ri-val in the waves of the sea. He struck out, with the in-stinct of self-pre-ser-va-ti-on; and as he rose, he saw the gnome seat-ed on the trunk of a large tree, ri-sing and fall-ing with the waves, al-most with-in his reach.

“Stretch out your hand, good gnome,” said he, in a faint voice; “I shall sink.”

“Non-sense,” said the gnome; “strike out, my friend, for you must save your-self. This tri-pling bit of tree is on-ly e-nough

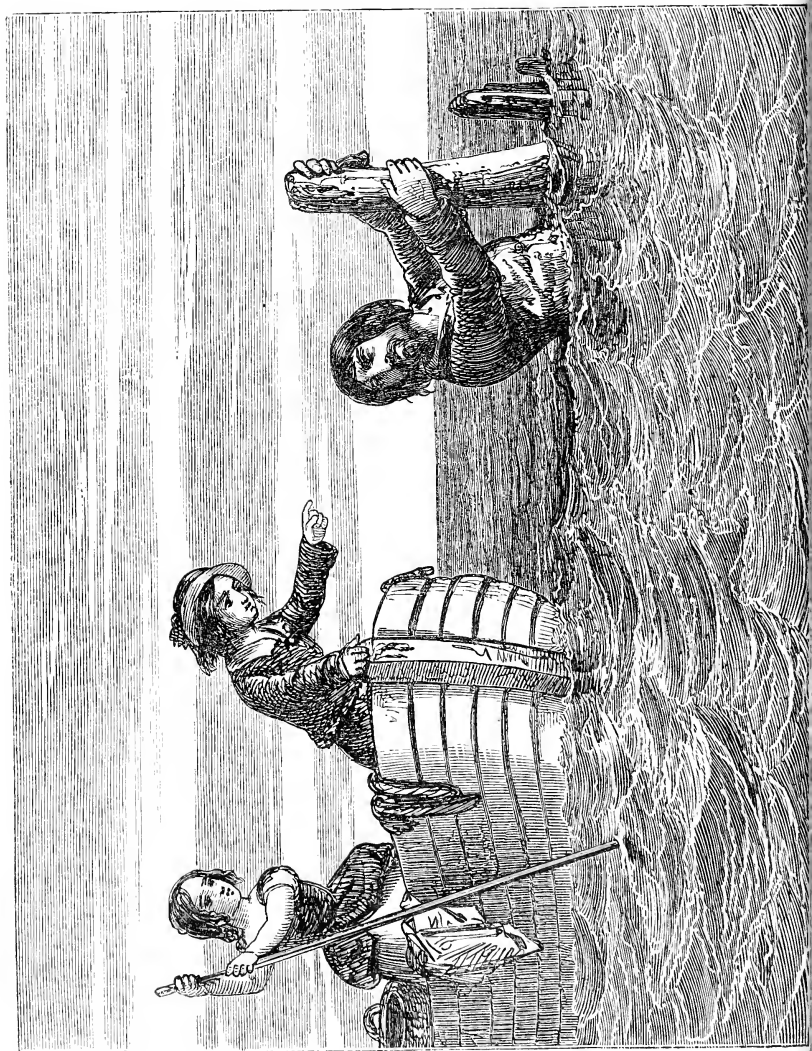


to keep me from fa-ti-guing my-self; and self, you know, is the first con-si-de-ra-ti-on: so, you, the se-cond con-si-de-ra-ti-on, must swim; that is, if you like to take the trou-ble. Your con-tract is now up with me, un-til you will-ing-ly re-new it by your ac-ti-ons or wish-es. A-dieu!"

The roll-ing waves soon bore the mock-ing gnome out of sight, and Carl re-main-ed bat-tling with the waves. He float-ed on till he came with-in sight of land, when he luck-i-ly es-pi-ed some pie-ces of wave-worn tim-ber ap-pear-ing a-bove the sea like a rem-nant of some old break-wa-ter. These he clutch-ed, al-most with the grasp of death, and shout-ed out in hopes of aid from the shore. Some fish-er-men's chil-dren, play-ing on the beach, were, at last, at-tract-ed by the cries of the half-drown-ed Carl, and, re-gard-less of dan-ger, push-ed a boat off and pad-dled to-wards the ap-pa-rent-ly sink-ing man. Af-ter ma-n-y at-tempts, he was drag-ged in-to the boat by the ef-forts of the fear-less chil-dren.

"Thanks! thanks!" gasp-ed he, as he look-ed to the al-most in-fants who had ven-tu-red to his res-cue. "Don't thank us," said the boy; you do not know how hap-py it has made us that hea-ven has giv-en us the op-por-tu-ni-ty of sa-ving you; it is we who ought to be thank-ful when we can do a good ac-ti-on, so our good fa-ther teach-es us."—"I wish mine had," thought Carl. They soon reach-ed the shore, which pre-sent-ed a strange as-pect to Carl. He kiss-ed the chil-dren with af-fec-ti-on, for he had now no-thing else to give them; for all his gold had been lost du-ring his mis-ad-ven-tures with the false gnome.

He in-qui-red his way, when a young cot-ta-ger, some-what old-er than his lit-tle pre-ser-vers, of-fer-ed to cross the high moun-tains and di-rect him to his home, which he as-ton-ish-ed Carl by tell-ing him was at a ve-ry great dis-tance.



Rag-ged and foot-sore, Carl start-ed with his young and a-gile guide, who as-sist-ed him with the ut-most ten-der-ness o-ver the rough and dif-fi-cult pas-sa-ges of the moun-tain road. Carl felt re-bu-ked, and blush-ed when he saw this sim-ple child, un-mind-ful of self, and the dis-tance he was pla-cing be-tween him-self and his home, ca-rol-ling, on the way, his lit-tle moun-tain songs, to cheer the poor and des-ti-tute stran-ger, that he might not faint with wea-ri-ness of spi-rit: and when they came to some sha-dy and se-ques-ter-ed spot, he would seat him-self by his side, and, pull-ing out the con-tents of his scrip, share with him his lit-tle store in the most cheer-ful and en-ga-ging man-ner.

At last the path lay straight and dis-tinct be-fore him; and his be-ne-vo-lent guide pre-pa-red to leave him and re-turn to his home; but, be-fore do-ing so, he wish-ed to give Carl the con-tents of his wal-let, that he might not starve. But Carl would not take it; for what would be-come of that mere child, should he de-prive him of his food? so he re-fu-sed, and, em-bra-cing him, with ma-ny thanks, de-scend-ed the moun-tain's side. Carl had learnt to think of o-thers.

He tra-vel-led on, for ma-ny days, through the val-leys, feed-ing up-on the wild-est ber-ries, and sla-king his thirst in the wa-ters of the brooks. At last he gain-ed a lit-tle vil-lage of scat-ter-ed cot-ta-ges. Fa-tigue and the want of food had e-ner-va-ted his once stal-wart frame, and he tot-ter-ed on in the hope of find-ing some one to suc-cour him; but he saw no one but a pret-ty, fair-hair-ed girl, who was sit-ting on the steps of a cot-tage door, eat-ing her bowl of bread and milk. He at-tempt-ed to ap-proach her, but fell at his length up-on the ground, un-a-ble to pro-ceed a step far-ther. The child a-rose



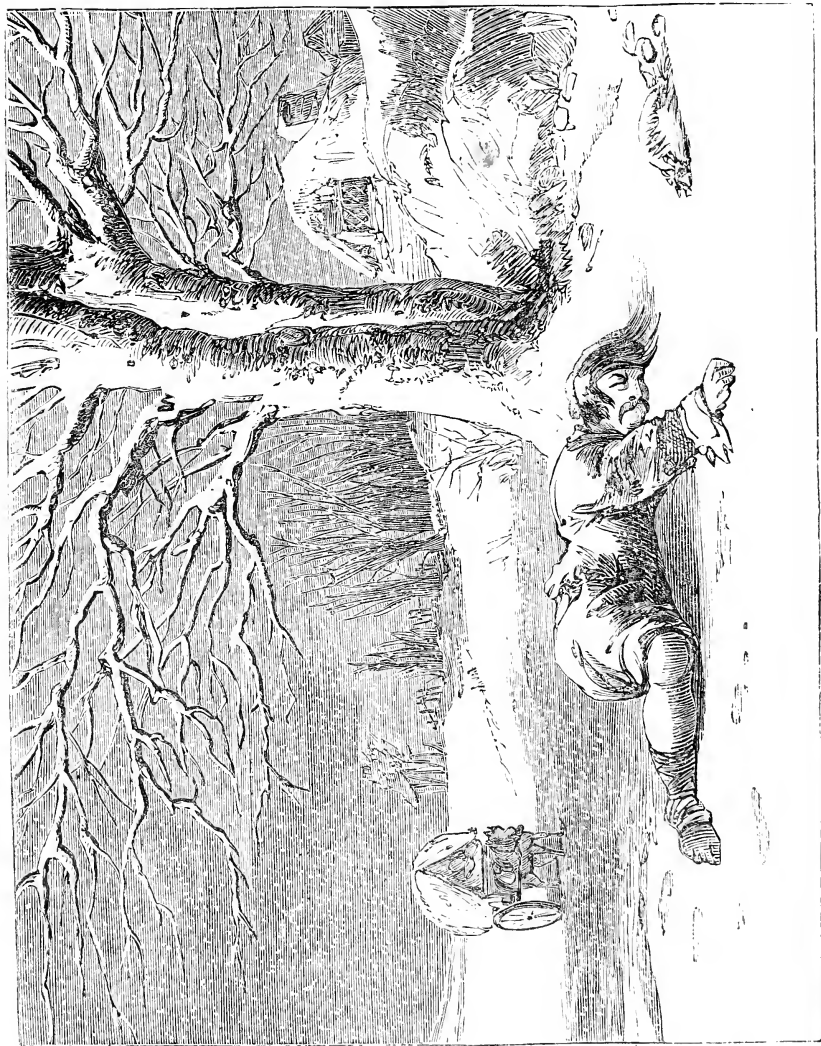


as she be-held the poor and tat-ter-ed stran-ger fall, with a groan, al-most at her feet. She lift-ed up his head, and, guess-ing his con-di-ti-on from his pal-lid, care-worn face, pla-ced the bowl to his lips, and did not take it a-way un-til he had swal-low-ed its con-tents with fa-mish-ed ea-ger-ness.

That child, with-out a mo-ment's thought, ex-cept for the dis-tress of the starv-ing Carl, had giv-en up her break-fast with a will-ing cheer-ful-ness. Re-mem-ber that, Carl! He did re-mem-ber it. When re-in-vi-go-ra-ted, he wend-ed on his way with the ex-am-ple work-ing at his heart.

There seem-ed still to be a long and wea-ry path be-tween him and his home. His home! How sick his heart grew when he re-mem-ber-ed that it was no long-er his home—that it was pos-sess-ed by his friend and his sis-ter, both of whom he had creat-ed with cold self-ish-ness up to the last mo-ment of his part-ing with them, when his brain was full of the gold-en prom-is-es of the de-ceit-ful gnome—when he pic-tured to him-self how soon he would pos-sess e-nor-mous rich-es, and thought how wise it was of him, by his be-ha-vi-our, to put be-tween them a dis-tance which would pre-clude a-ny-thing like their sha-ring it with him, should they ever need it! With the al-ter-ed sen-ti-ments that were gra-du-al-ly find-ing their way in-to his heart from the kind-ness he had ex-pe-ri-en-ced at all hands with-out the base hope of re-ward, he felt how lit-tle he could claim from e-ven their cha-ri-ty, since he hard-ly dare hope for their love; and he sigh-ed as he thought of his for-mer self.

Night o-ver-took him on a wild and de-so-late waste; and, to add to his mi-se-ry, the snow be-gan to fall in blind-ing flakes. He but-ton-ed his tat-ter-ed coat a-bout him, and strug-gled a-gainst the freez-ing blast, which buf-fet-ed him



Carl. Wilhelm de-part-ed, leav-ing him to rest his bruised limbs in the com-fort-a-ble bed of the cot-ta-ger.

The next morn-ing saw him, with a shame up-on his face, ap-proach-ing the well-known porch; but hard-ly had his foot touch-ed the first step, when his sis-ter flew in-to his em-brace. He hid his face in her bo-som and wept.

The gnome, who had fol-low-ed him in hopes of a-gain hav-ing him in his pow-er, stop-ped sud-den-ly at this af-fect-ing sight; and, as he ga-zed, with a look of cha-grin, on the pair, he gra-du-al-ly be-came faint-er and faint-er to the sight un-til he was in-dis-tinct.

*The De-mon of Self-ish-ness* had de-part-ed for e-ver; and Carl re-turn-ed thanks to Hea-ven for the fear-ful ex-pe-ri-ence that had so chan-ged him, and shown him that as long as he bu-si-ed him-self in cha-ri-ty and kind-ness to-wards o-thers, he was work-ing for him-self, and for his own es-sen-ti-al hap-pi-ness; and that he had there-fore dis-co-ver-ed a trea-sure far more pre-ci-ous than gold.

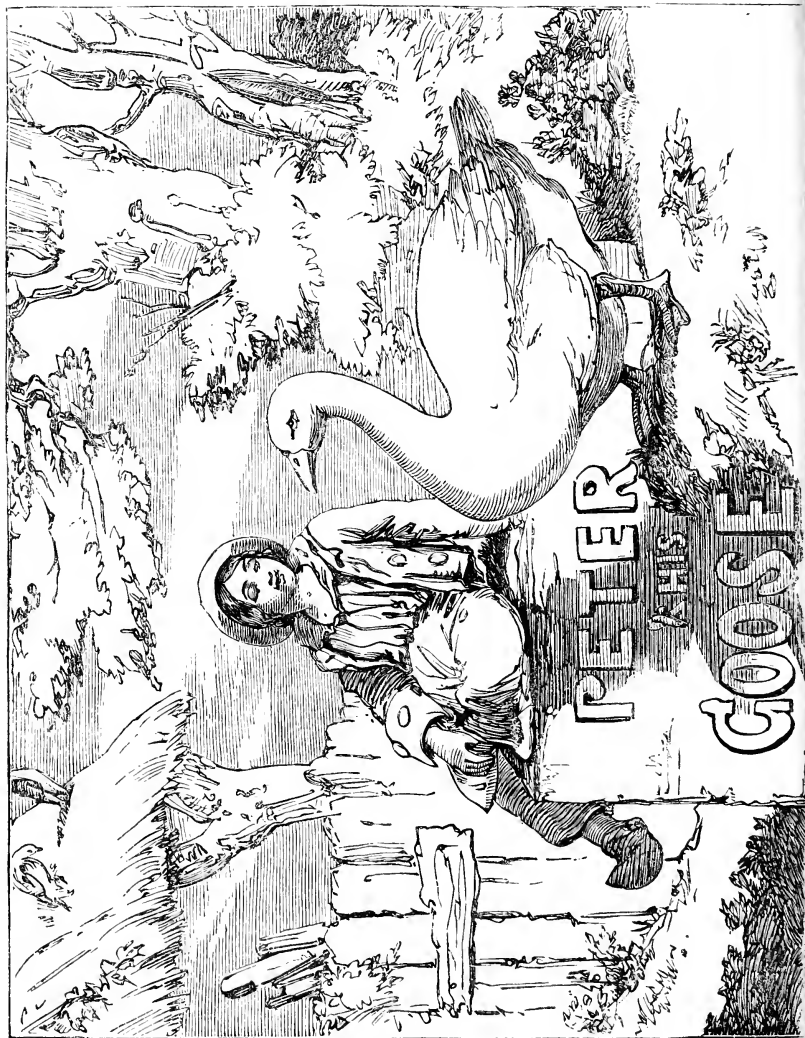
THE END.



PETER AND HIS GOOSE:

OR,

THE EFFECT OF IMPROPER ADVICE.

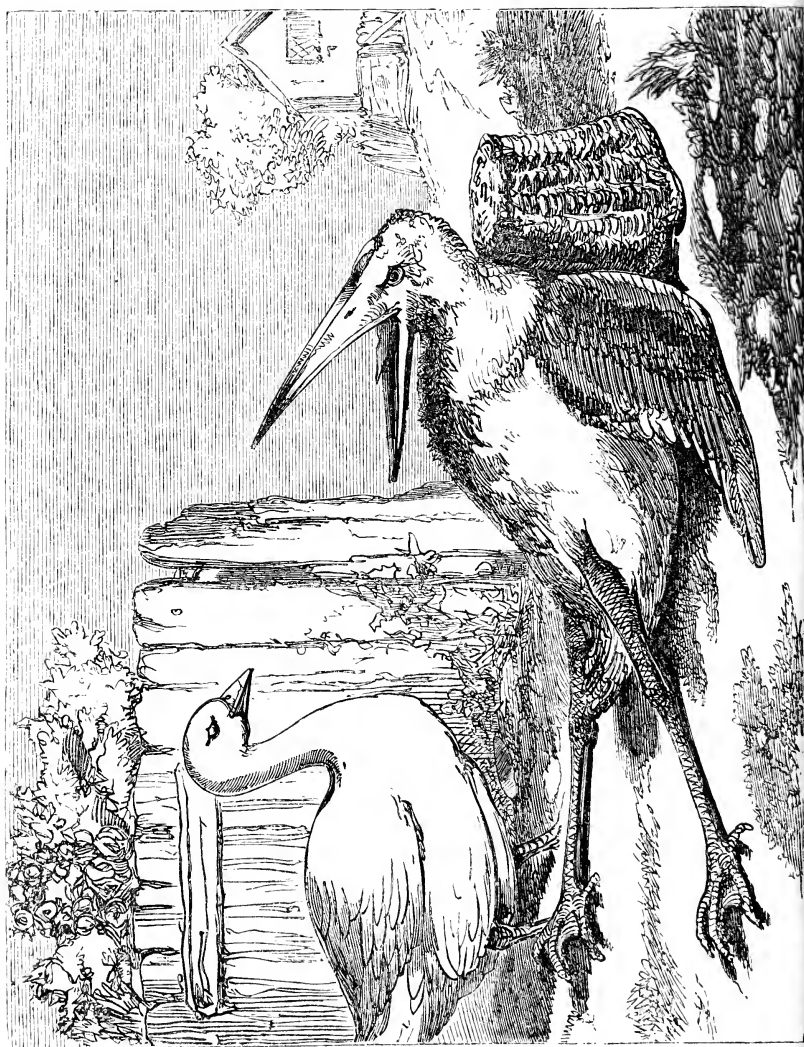


# PETER AND HIS GOOSE.

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**T**HERE was once a lit-tle youth na-med Peter, whose fa-ther and mo-ther dy-ing, left him an or-phan. Hav-ing no re-la-ti-ons, he was en-tire-ly his own mas-ter; and al-though he grie-ved at the death of his kind pa-rents, he felt proud of his in-de-pen-dence, and plea-sed that he had no one to set him tasks or to pre-vent his wan-der-ing a-bout the plea-sant fields in all the lux-u-ry of i-dle-ness. All this he could af-ford to do, as his pa-rents had been ve-ry fru-gal; so that they were en-a-bled to leave him a pret-ty lit-tle farm, well stock-ed with all kinds of chick-ens, and ducks, and geese, and sheep, and corn and hay. But the lit-tle fel-low had for-got-ten that these things re-qui-red an in-dus-tri-ous mas-ter, or they could not be ex-pect-ed to thrive. He, how-e-ver, liv-ed at his ease, and ne-ver trou-bled him-self to look for-ward to to-mor-row. He slept in the sun-shine, and, when that was gone, he went in-doors and slept in his bed: so, you see, we can't say much in fa-vour of lit-tle Pe-ter. But you shall hear the con-se-quence of all this, and how he got right-ly ser-ved.

He was one day ly-ing in the sun-shine, think-ing as near-ly of no-thing as pos-si-ble, when a staid old goose walk-ed up to him, and said, in a plain, clear, and dis-tinct voice, "Mas-ter Pe-ter, how d'ye do?"





Pe-ter turn-ed round and o-pen-ed his eyes ve-ry wide; for, to con-fess the truth, he was ra-ther sur-pri-sed. He, how-e-ver, mus-ter-ed up cou-rage and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Goose, I'm pret-ty well;" and then he shut his eyes a-gain.

"Don't go to sleep," said the goose, "for I have much to say to you that ra-ther con-cerns your in-te-rest. You must know that I am a fai-ry bird, and e-ve-ry egg I lay gives the pow-er to the pos-ses-sor to be what he wish-es up-on break-ing it. I can, how-e-ver, on-ly lay fif-teen eggs for one per-son: that num-ber I have al-rea-dy in the nest; so, you luc-ky fel-low, go and be-gin wish-ing di-rect-ly."

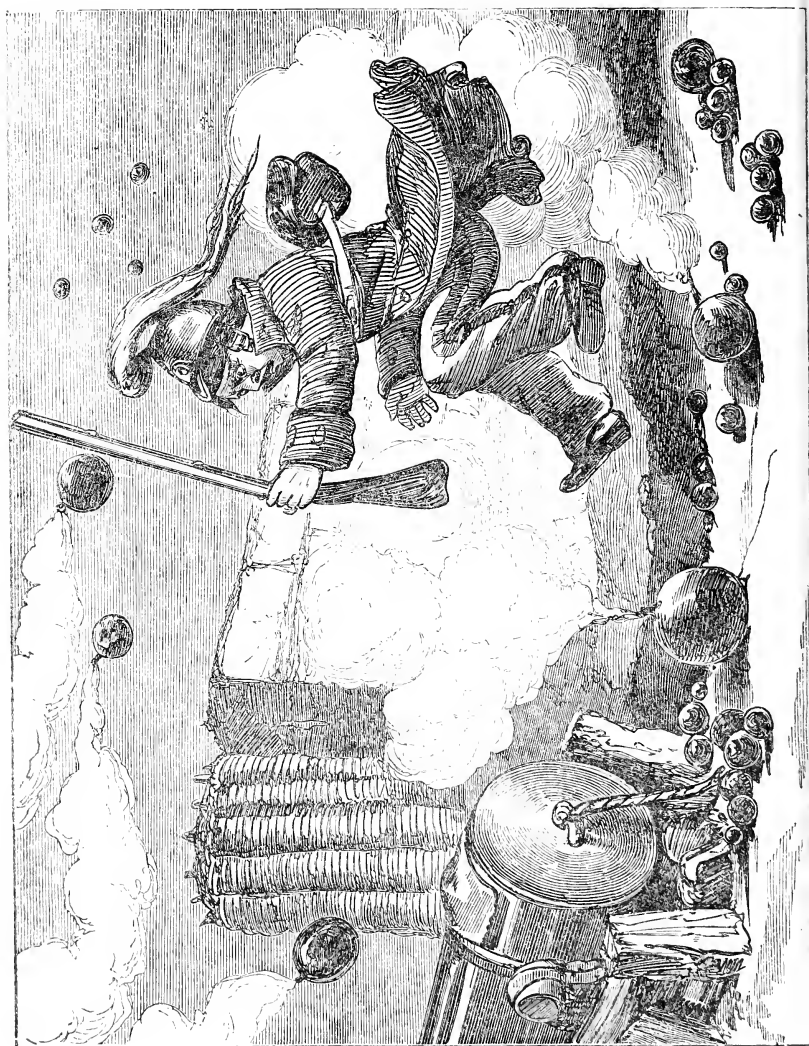
No soon-er had the goose cea-sed speak-ing than up jump-ed Pe-ter, and seek-ing the nest, found that the eggs were there, and that the goose had spo-ken truth.

"Now, what do you say?" said the goose, who had wad-dled af-ter him. "Ah! but I must try first," ex-claim-ed Pe-ter, "for I can hard-ly be-lieve you."

"Take an egg, and smash it on the ground," con-ti-nu-ed the old goose, "first wish-ing to be some-thing."—"Ah! but what?" said Pe-ter, doubt-ing-ly.

"Well!" said the goose, "if you take my ad-vice, you would wish to be a bird, for it is a ve-ry com-fort-a-ble thing, I can as-sure you." "To be sure," said Pe-ter, "so here goes: I wish to be a bird." As he said so, he broke the egg up-on the stones; when his wood-en shoes flew off, and his hat spun in the air, and down he fell on his back, in the shape of a gi-gan-tic stork; and ve-ry un-com-fort-a-ble he felt: his great beak kept snap-ping, and his long legs kept slip-ping, un-til he ac-tu-al-ly scream-ed with fright.

"Oh dear! oh dear! I wont stand this! I wont be a bird!



"I wish to be Pe-ter a-gain!" shout-ed he. And he was Pe-ter a-gain in a mi-nute; and didn't he pop on his hat and shoes in a hur-ry! "You see," said the goose, with a ve-ry wise shake of the head, "you were in such a hur-ry that you left it to chance what bird you would turn to."

"Ah! I shan't be a-ny bird," said Pe-ter, ra-ther in a sul-ky hu-mour; for he felt sore with his falls; "I will be a some-thing grand: a sol-di-er, now, like those who pass-ed through the vil-lage last week." With that, down went an-o-ther egg: but, strange to say, the crack-ing was dread-ful, and, more-o-ver, it grew loud-er and loud-er, un-til it be-came like the roar-ing of can-non. And, in-deed, so it was; for there was Pe-ter in the midst of a great bat-tle, with the can-non balls and bomb-shells fly-ing a-bout him, and he dan-cing, like one mad, to dodge them as they ex-plo-ded. Pe-ter was dres-sed as a sol-di-er; but he had none of the bra-ve-ry at his heart, which sank with-in him as he found him-self in the trench-es be-fore some ter-ri-ble for-tress that vo-mit-ed out death and de-struc-ti-on up-on all op-po-sed to it.

"Oh! I wish I was well out of this," said he, as his hel-met was knock-ed off with a bul-let. Down he fell up-on his back, and a-rose sim-ple Pe-ter, in his own farm-yard, and the old goose sta-ring at him. He wi-ped the per-spi-ra-ti-on from his brow and smack-ed his lips, for his mouth was dry with fright and gun-pow-der. At that mo-ment his eyes fell up-on some tempt-ing fruit in a neigh-bour's gar-den.

"Oh! don't I wish I was up that tree, and my hat full of ap-ples," said he. He caught up an egg and broke it, and he was up in the tree, and his hat full of ap-ples. But sil-ly Pe-ter had no time to en-joy his plun-der; for right be-fore him stood

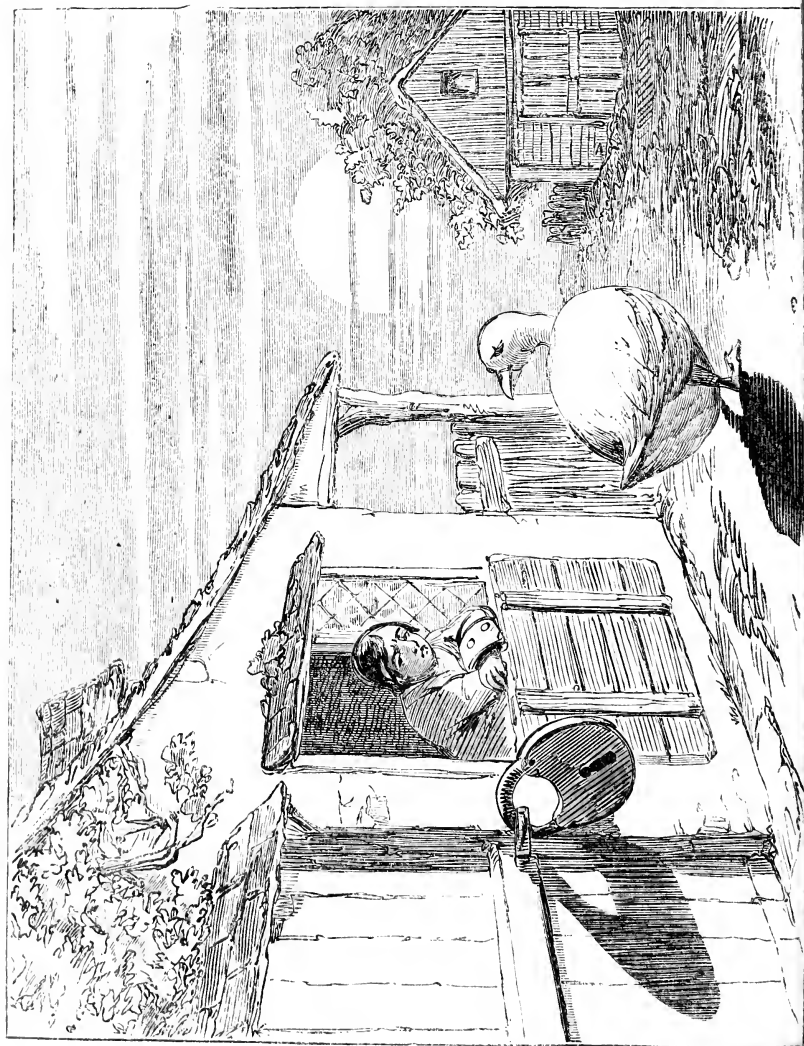


the an-gry mas-ter of the or-ard, with a pret-ty hea-vy whip in his grasp, which he ap-plied with a right good will to the back of the un-for-tu-nate Pe-ter, who lost ve-ry lit-tle time in wish-ing him-self back at home, where he found him-self di-rect-ly, and the goose ask-ing him why he shrug-ged his shoul-ders so. That e-ven-ing he and the goose sat to-ge-ther pon-der-ing and turn-ing o-ver what was best to be done.

"A luc-ky thought!" said Pe-ter, sud-den-ly; "I will have lots of mo-ney: then shan't we be hap-py!" As he spoke, he saw the lid of his corn-bin o-pen, and up-on look-ing in he saw it was fill-ed with shi-ning gold. They both look-ed at it un-til the night came on, when Pe-ter got the lar-gest pad-lock he could find and put it on the door; for he be-gan to fear thieves, poor fel-low! which he had ne-ver done be-fore. Af-ter this he could not sleep, but look-ed out of the win-dow at the moon-light, while the goose walk-ed up and down out-side as sen-ti-nel.

Pe-ter, al-though, as you see, he was not ve-ry wise, be-gan to find that this was a ve-ry fool-ish way of en-joy-ing him-self; so, as the sen-ti-nel goose came near the win-dow, he said, "I say, Mrs. Goose, this is ra-ther stu-pid work, I think; don't you know a-ny means where-by we can be rich, and have some one else to guard our trea-sure, and on-ly look at it our-selves when we want to take some of it?"—"Well!" re-plied the goose, "what do you say to be-ing a king? They ge-ne-ral-ly have on-ly the trou-ble of spend-ing mo-ney."

"Ah! I ne-ver thought of that," said Pe-ter; "I'll be a king, see if I don't." With that he o-pen-ed the cot-tage door, and smash-ed an egg; and up-on the ve-ry in-stant stood in a grand hall, with a ve-ry stiff ruff round his neck, a ve-ry hea-vy crown on his head, and a ve-ry long tail to his robe. Here e-ve-ry-



bo-dy bow-ed to him, and he sim-ply ask-ed them what time lin-ner would be rea-dy. They re-plied that it would be ser-ved a-bout eight o'clock, which, when Pe-ter was Pe-ter, was his sup-per time.

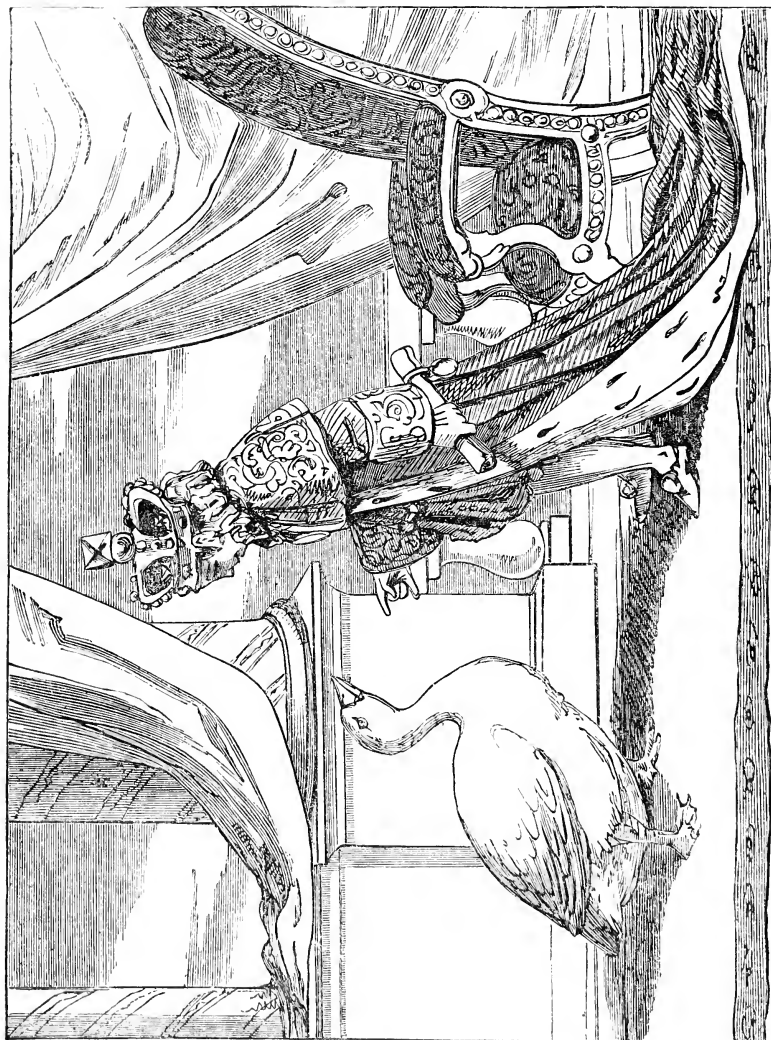
The goose made a ve-ry low bow to his king-ship, and ask-ed him how he felt.—“Well!” said Pe-ter, “if be-ing king means do-ing what e-ve-ry-bo-dy else wish-es, and di-ning late, with this hor-rid, un-com-fort-a-ble dress on, I shall ab-di-cate; for, to tell you the truth, I want to lie on the grass, and dine im-me-di-ate-ly off the knuc-kle of ham which I know is in the cup-board at home; so, goose, get out of the way, and let me wish my-self back a-gain.”—“Stop!” says the goose, “I took the pre-cau-ti-on to bring one of the eggs with me this morn-ing; so, per-haps, you would like to try some-thing else be-fore you go home to the ham bone.”

“Well! up-on my word, I hard-ly know,” said Pe-ter, with a ve-ry doubt-ful look. “I am quite puz-zled; but where is the egg?”—“Un-der your Ma-jes-ty’s chair,” re-plied the goose.

Pe-ter stoop-ed, with a great deal of trou-ble, in his stiff dress, and pick-ed up the egg. “I think,” said he, as he rose, “an ad-mi-ral of a fleet seems about the most in-de-pen-dent fel-low. I know they are al-ways ro-ving a-bout to fo-reign parts, on the beau-ti-ful sea, and re-al-ly do pret-ty much as they like, and wear a v-ery nice u-ni-form.”

Down went the egg: and, be-hold! Pe-ter was an ad-mi-ral, with a patch o-ver his eye, a hook at the end of one arm, and a fu-ri-ous pain in his left toe, all of which un-com-fort-a-ble-ness was prop-ped up with a ve-ry hand-some crutch.

“Oh dear! oh dear!” ex-claim-ed Pe-ter, “I didn’t mean an old ad-mi-ral: here’s a pret-ty de-cep-ti-on!”—“I think,” said





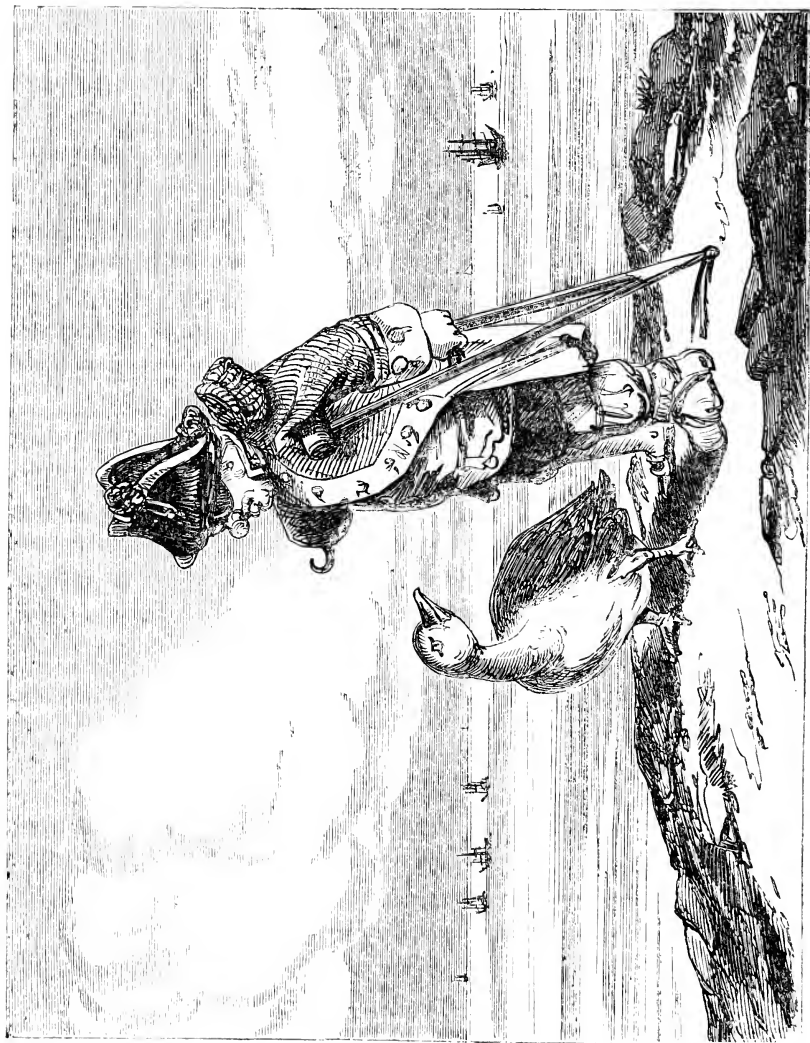
the goose, "that they do not make young ad-mi-rals to go to sea: they some-times do when they are to stay at home."

"Oh! go a-long with you," said Pe-ter, be-tween his groans of pain; "you are a fool: I shall wish my-self back again." He did do so, and found him-self stand-ing in his own room at home, with the old goose on the ta-ble be-fore him.

Poor Pe-ter was in a pas-si-on, and drew out his knife up-on the poor goose who had led him in-to such un-plea-sant di-lem-mas. But she was not go-ing to be kill-ed so ea-si-ly. She scream-ed as loud-ly as he talk-ed, and tax-ed him with his in-gra-ti-tude for the great fa-vours she had be-stow-ed, which o-thers, with more brains, would not have fail-ed to have ta-ken ad-van-tage of; so that at last, she had the best of it, and talk-ed him into a calm-er hu-mour.

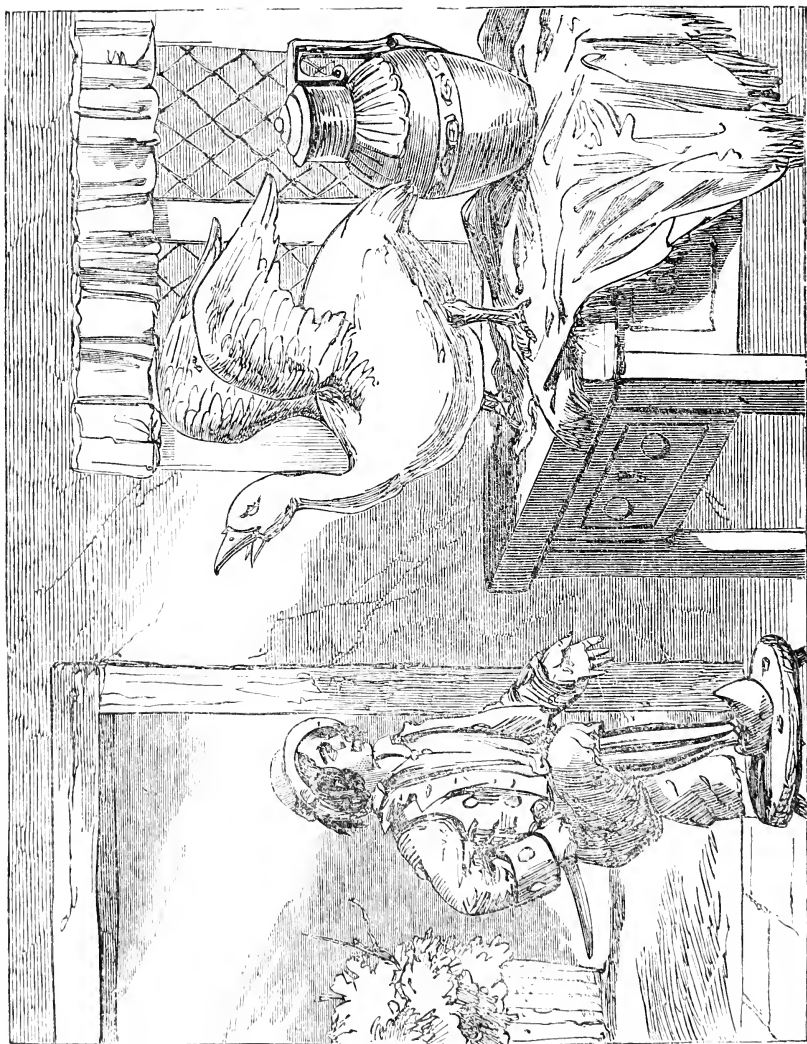
"You must make your-self wi-ser by tra-vel," said she. "I have of-ten seen you read-ing books of tra-vel with much plea-sure: pray, why do you not make your-self the he-ro of one such book?" "That's not a bad i-de-a," said Pe-ter, who had be-come pa-ci-fied; "sup-pose I was to turn a kind of Ro-bin-son Cru-soe, and have an is-land all to my-self? I'll do it! I'll do it!" said he, quite in ecs-ta-sies at the ro-man-tic no-ti-on. He took up an egg, and crush-ed it with his foot.

He was sit-ting on an is-land with the wind and the sea ra-ging a-round him, and the storm-birds wheel-ing with dis-cor-dant screams a-bove his head. There sat Pe-ter, the cast-a-way sai-lor on his is-land. Such an is-land! a-bout six feet square; just room e-nough to say that he was high and dry, with the de-vour-ing waves con-ti-nu-al-ly ma-king snatch-es at him, as if ea-ger to roll him o-ver and o-ver in-to the ca-vern's be-low.



"Oh! mi-ser-a-ble wretch that I am," ex-claim-ed Pe-ter, shi-ver-ing with cold and fright, "how shall I get home? I can on-ly do it as a fish; but I can't say that I should like to be un-der the wa-ter al-to-ge-ther. But I need not, for I can be a fly-ing fish, and that I will be." He took out an egg and broke it, when he felt his ears grow-ing in-to long trans-pa-rent fins, and his legs kick-ing out in the stran-gest man-ner, when a pow-er that was re-sist-less made him glide in-to the wa-ter, where he float-ed most plea-sant-ly for a few mo-ments; but on-ly for a few mo-ments, for soon a fish, twen-ty times his own size, with a mouth that look-ed like a dark ca-vern, and eyes that glit-ter-ed like burn-ing lamps through the bright wa-ter, pre-pa-red to swal-low him for his lunch. Out flew poor Pe-ter from this ter-ri-ble e-ne-my, and u-sed his new wings with great ef-fect, and which bore him ma-n-y yards a-bove the roll-ing sea. "I am safe now," said Pe-ter, who dip-ped up-on the ve-ry tops of the waves e-ve-ry few mi-nutes to rest his wings. A-gain he rose, con-gra-tu-la-ting him-self up-on his wise change this time, when a scream of start-ling shrill-ness sound-ed from a-bove, which, up-on turn-ing his eye, he dis-co-ver-ed proceed-ed from a fierce-look-ing sea-bird, which was ma-king at him, with ex-tend-ed beak, to snap him up. This was not the worst; for twen-ty more like him fol-low-ed in a long line, all in-tent up-on the same a-mi-a-ble pur-pose of swal-low-ing the poor fly-ing fish. Down pop-ped Pe-ter; up pop-ped the big fish with the un-com-fort-a-bly large mouth: up pop-ped Pe-ter; scream went the flight of birds who were wait-ing for their food.

"Mur-der!" ex-claim-ed Pe-ter; "I only wish I was out of this:" and out of it he was at his wish, run-ning at full speed a-long the high-way to-wards his home, which he soon reach-ed



in a most breath-less state. Fling-ing o-pen the gate, he be-held the old goose, who, with a dread-ful cac-kle, fell o-ver with fright at his ap-pear-ance, for Pe-ter had not, strange to say, quite fi-nish-ed his change back a-gain to him-self, so that the poor goose had a just cause to be fright-en-ed, for he still re-tain-ed the head of the fly-ing fish, which on-ly dis-ap-pear-ed af-ter he had been at home for an hour or more. This last ad-ven-ture had pret-ty near-ly cu-red Pe-ter of break-ing a-ny more of the charm-ed goose's eggs, al-though his mind would oc-ca-si-on-al-ly wan-der to-wards them, with strange wish-es a-bout things that he re-al-ly knew no-thing of; but, like all i-dle peo-ple, he would dream a-bout all sorts of vi-si-on-a-ry pro-jects. Not a-ny of them, how-e-ver, had any la-bour or trou-ble on his part mix-ed up with them.

He wan-der-ed a-bout his farm, ac-com-pa-ni-ed by the old wad-dling goose, who cac-kled on, all day, a won-der-ful deal of non-sense, as all old geese will; but he did not make up his mind to break an-o-ther egg un-til, quite wea-ri-ed with the fa-tigue of no-thing to do, he re-solv-ed just to have one more lit-tle try. But what was it to be? No bird with long stilt-ed legs, no sol-dier to be shot, no mo-ney to keep him in a state of a-larm, no kings with late din-ners and un-com-fort-a-ble clothes, no ad-mi-ral with on-ly half him-self left, no is-land of small di-men-si-ons, no fish with e-ne-mies in the air and the wa-ter; none of these; but some-thing with plen-ty to eat and drink, and no-thing to do. As he thought all this, his ears were sa-lu-ted with a loud grunt, which is-su-ed from a sty at his back. He look-ed o-ver the gate, and be-held a pic-ture of lux-u-ri-ous i-dle-ness—a fine fat pig, ly-ing in the clean straw, with its eyes half shut, and its ears just mo-v-ing e-nough to fright-en a-way the flies.



"Ah! my fine fel-low," said Pe-ter, "you are hap-py, in-deed; you have no-thing to do, and you have plen-ty of food, with-out the trou-ble of work-ing for it. Oh! you are the ve-ry per-fec-ti-on of fe-li-ci-ty!" With-out more ado, he seiz-ed an egg, and threw it vi-gor-ous-ly a-gainst the wall. He im-me-di-ate-ly roll-ed down in-to the clean straw, the ve-ry per-fec-ti-on of a pig, sleek as the egg he had bro-ken to pro-cure the hap-py change.

He grunt-ed with plea-sure, as he stretch-ed his limbs to the grate-ful warmth of the sun, and he munch-ed, with in-fi-nite re-lish, a few fine ap-ples that had fall-en from a tree a-bove his dwell-ing, and he gave him-self up to the most de-li-ci-ous and drea-my state, as pigs and la-zy peo-ple will do.

The door of his sty was un-bolt-ed, and a man of no ve-ry pre-pos-ses-sing ap-pear-ance en-ter-ed, with-out ce-re-mo-ny, Pe-ter's straw cham-ber, and com-men-ced pok-ing his large hor-ny fin-gers in-to his ribs. "What is this fel-low a-bout now?" thought Pe-ter. He would have said "be qui-et, do," on-ly, as a pig, he could not, al-though it tic-kled him ve-ry much; for Pe-ter, as Pe-ter, could not bear a-ny-bo-dy to tic-kle him—and Pe-ter, as a pig, had the same sen-si-tive-ness a-bout his ribs.

Still the man kept on his un-plea-sant pro-ceed-ing, hum-ming a tune in the cool-est man-ner, as if the pig had no feel-ing.

At last he com-men-ced tuck-ing up his sleeves, as if a-bout to do some-thing. Now, as this some-thing e-vi-dent-ly re-la-ted to Pe-ter the pig, he o-pen-ed both his eyes, so that he should not be ta-ken by sur-prise. The man did not take a-ny no-tice of his o-pen-ing his eyes; but, to the hor-ror of poor Pe-ter, he pull-ed out a knife of the most mur-de-rous look, and stuck it





in-to his mouth; then, seiz-ing poor Pe-ter by the ears, swung him round, so as to get him be-tween his legs, and, feel-ing him a-bout the throat, pre-pa-red to sa-cri-fice him on the spot.

Pe-ter was not lon-ger than what is call-ed “the twink-ling of an eye,” wish-ing him-self out of his four legs in-to his two; and as soon as he found him-self chan-ging in-to Pe-ter, he tri-ed his voice.

“I’m not a pig!” scream-ed Pe-ter, in a ve-ry good voice, con-si-der-ing that he was speak-ing through the pig’s mouth.

The knife drop-ped from the butch-er’s hand; his tremb-ling knees could hold the pig no lon-ger; he scram-bled out up-on his hands and knees, un-til he got clear of the sty; he then rose up-on his legs, and made ve-ry good use of them. Pe-ter seiz-ed the knife, and pur-su-ed him with a de-ter-mi-na-ti-on of giv-ing him a gen-tle hint of its sharp-ness.

The butch-er scream-ed as he saw a man pur-su-ing him with a po-si-tive pig head, and a large knife in his hand. So be-wil-der-ed was he that he fell into the brook, and was near-ly drown-ed; at which, Pe-ter, who on-ly wait-ed for his head to change to his own, which he found more con-ve-ni-ent to laugh with, burst in-to the most un-con-troll-a-ble fit of laugh-ter.

Pe-ter walk-ed home, and had sup-per with the old goose. “Goose,” said he, I will be some-thing pret-ty next time, for I am ti-red and dis-gus-ted with the beasts, birds, and fishes. Now, as a friend, what would you re-al-ly ad-vise me to be, that would not turn out in a-ny way un-plea-sant?”

“Up-on my word,” said the goose, “I re-al-ly don’t know; for what-e-ver it is, you see you will change more slow-ly as you come to the end of the eggs; and it may not be a-gree-a-ble, in some cases, to grow by slow de-grees in-to the shape of a-ny strange crea-ture.”



"You are right," re-plied Pe-ter; "for I have found the chan-ges, both in-to and out of, slower e-ve-ry time I have tri-ed them. But I was think-ing that a but-ter-fly is a pretty, light cha-rac-ter to sus-tain, with-out much fa-tigue; and then the lodg-ing is plea-sant, be-ing u-su-al-ly the bo-som of some fra-grant flow-er. Now, what do you think of a hand-some but-ter-fly? I should then be a cre-dit to my own gar-den."

"Well, up-on my word!" a-gain said the goose, who had be-come ra-ther fear-ful of giv-ing ad-vice; "I should say that I would do as I felt if I were you;" thus leaving the ques-ti-on quite o-pen.

Pe-ter took his own way, and took out the last egg but one, which he broke with-out he-si-ta-ti-on, wish-ing him-self, at the same time, a re-mark-a-bly hand-some but-ter-fly. He was sit-ting on a three-leg-ged stool, with the old goose op-po-site to him.

"Now your horns are grow-ing," said the old goose, "and your wings are sprout-ing out beau-ti-ful-ly; they are re-al-ly splen-did. How do you feel?"

"Ve-ry un-plea-sant and un-com-fort-a-ble in-deed," said Pe-ter. "Oh! my gra-ci-ous, how it hurts! oh! my back! oh! my fore-head! oh! my legs! how lit-tle they are! oh!" Here he left off, for his head was a but-ter-fly's; and soon his whole bo-dy chan-ged, and he was a splen-did but-ter-fly.

"This is charm-ing," said but-ter-fly Peter, as he flew a-bout in the sun-shine, and e-ve-ry mo-ment pop-ped in-to some de-li-ci-ous flow-er: "I shall most de-ci-ded-ly keep as I am."

"But there is one thing to re-mem-ber," said the goose, "your life will be a short and a mer-ry one—for but-ter-flies, I have heard say, are what mor-tals call the 'be-ings of a day;' which,



I sup-pose, means that they on-ly live twelve hours. Now, if that be the case, my poor mas-ter, you will have ve-ry lit-tle time to en-joy your-self, and I shall have to mourn you at sunset."

The but-ter-fly Pe-ter stop-ped: "Good gra-ci-ous!" said he, "I re-mem-ber that what you hint at is true, and I have been fool e-nough to trou-ble my-self with a change that will last me for so short a time; and how do I know that I may not die be-fore I get out of this plea-sant form!" "Don't you think that you had bet-ter wish your-self back, Pe-ter?" said the goose.

"Di-rect-ly, of course," said Pe-ter; "do you take me for a fool?" "Not quite," re-plied the goose, with ra-ther a sly look for a goose, "but I should ad-vice you not to be long about it." With that, Pe-ter com-men-ced wish-ing ve-ry hard; but he was some hours be-fore he got rid of his but-ter-fly suit which he had so rash-ly as-su-med; and the last gleam of the sun saw him walk-ing home, as him-self, with the goose by his side.

When Pe-ter a-rose the next morn-ing, he re-mem-ber-ed that he had on-ly one egg left; so, of course, he felt very re-luc-tant to throw a-way the last egg, which now ap-pear-ed so va-lu-a-ble to him. He sat down on a bank, and pon-der-ed on his for-tune.

"What are you think-ing of?" said the goose, who had fol-low-ed him un-per-cei-ved. "Why, I was think-ing what I should wish with the last egg," re-plied he.

"Oh! don't trou-ble your-self," ex-claim-ed the goose, "you have no choice; you will break it with-out know-ing what you will turn into. What-e-ver that will be, you will have no



“Fool-ish bird,” said Peter, “go to the com-mon and mix with your fel-lows. I have come to my rea-son, and see my fol-ly in neg-lect-ing the good giv-en to me by Pro-vi-dence, and in wast-ing my time in seek-ing no-thing but trou-ble and dis-ap-point-ment; al-ways cra-ving af-ter what I was not, in-stead of at-tend-ing to what I was; and, a-bove all, tak-ing the ad-vice of a goose for my gui-dance. My re-so-lu-ti-on is ta-ken. I will dream of im-pos-si-bi-li-ties no more. I will fol-low the in-dus-tri-ous ex-am-ple of my good pa-rents, and I feel as-su-red that I shall hence-forth have no-thing to wish for.”

So say-ing, Pe-ter walk-ed out in-to the fields and work-ed as an in-dus-tri-ous young far-mer should; and as he grew up to man’s es-tate, he al-ways a-void-ed un-fit com-pa-ni-ons and fool-ish ad-vice; and he broke no more eggs ex-cept-ing on-ly those which he ate for his break-fast.

THE END.





# THE GIANT HANDS:

OR,

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.



# THE GIANT HANDS.

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POOR lit-tle Wil-lie re-turn-ed from the for-est la-den with as much wood as his fee-ble strength could bear. He was hun-gry and wea-ry, and had a great sor-row at his heart, for he had lost his fa-ther in the ear-ly spring, leav-ing his mo-ther to toil for a scant live-li-hood to sup-port her-self and him.

He threw the wood up-on the cin-ders on the hearth, and quick-ly rais-ed a cheer-ful blaze, at which he warm-ed his na-ked, swol-len feet, as he watch-ed the smoke ma-king its fan-tas-tic ed-dies up the wide chim-ney, and a-midst the raf-ters of the low roof. He heav-ed a deep sigh; for he saw no pot up-on the fire, which ought to have been bub-bling up with their fru-gal din-ner: but, a-las! they had none.

“This must not be any long-er,” thought he, “for I am get-ting ve-ry big and strong, and have a pair of hands that ought not to be i-dle. As my poor mo-ther gets weak-er, I should work for her; and as I grow in-to a man, she should not work any more, but sit by the fire and get the din-ner rea-dy, which I shall then be a-ble to la-bour for.”



Wil-lie was of an in-dus-tri-ous mind, and did not love to sit i-dle when e-ven his ti-ny strength might be used to some end.

So he sat and lis-ten-ed for the foot-step of his poor mo-ther, who, he knew, would come home, wea-ri-ed with la-bour, to share her scan-ty crust with her boy.

He had not to wait long be-fore the latch lift-ed, and his mo-ther en-ter-ed. She kiss-ed him, and threw her-self in-to a chair, with the tears of fa-tigue and ex-haus-tion in her eyes.

He em-bra-ced her, and whis-per-ed in-to her ear his firm re-solve to start out in-to the world, and seek for la-bour, that he might no long-er be a bur-then to her. Her heart sank at the i-dea; but she saw no o-ther means to save them from star-va-tion, as her fail-ing strength gave warn-ing of the in-e-vi-ta-ble e-vil.

The morn-ing a-rose bright and cheer-ful. The old lock-er was o-pen-ed, and his on-ly shoes, trea-sur-ed for high-days and ho-li-days, were ta-ken out and brush-ed up, as was al-so his best suit, which was in-deed ve-ry lit-tle bet-ter than the care-ful-ly mend-ed suit of his e-ve-ry-day wear. He, how-e-ver, thought him-self ve-ry fine, and felt that his ap-pear-ance would act as a re-com-men-da-tion in his fa-vour.

They sat down to break-fast: it was a ve-ry tear-ful one, and, with a strange feel-ing, they a-void-ed each o-ther's looks, hop-ing to hide their tears one from the o-ther.

Oh! it want-ed a great re-so-lu-tion for poor Wil-lie to say, "Well! dear mo-ther, I must be start-ing;" but he did do it at last, al-though it was af-ter ma-ny strug-gles to keep down the beat-ings of his heart.



His mother heard him with a bewildered look, as if she heard the proposal for the first time; and her grief burst forth with uncontrollable violence as she threw her arms round his neck with an agony only known to a fond mother.

He tried to comfort her, and to smile through his tears, as he put on his hat with a resolute thump, seized upon his stick and wallet, and lifted the latch of the door that was to open for his bold entrance into the world, so full of promise to him.

Again they lingered in their little garden, where every flower seemed an old friend to be parted with: again the tears and the embraces. At last the little gate was swung wide open, and Willie stepped boldly forth. His mother covered her face and wept. He turned towards her with irresolution: he felt how difficult it was to leave one so dear and affectionate; but his duty was simple, and he would do it: with one more "good bye," he was gone on his way weeping.

The lark rose in the morning sky, and sang her joyous song. The sweet, balmy air of early day cooled his throbbing brow, and his tears gradually ceased to flow; but his little breast heaved now and then with sobs as the storm of grief subsided. His foot-steps grew quicker the farther he left his home behind; for before him lay the land of promise, and his little brain was full of dreams of success, and the consequent joy that would be at his heart when he retraced those very fields on his return, laden with riches to throw into his mother's lap.

As these thoughts rushed through his mind, they gave him





much com-fort; and he even hum-med an air as he trot-ted on, to show his man-li-ness and cou-age.

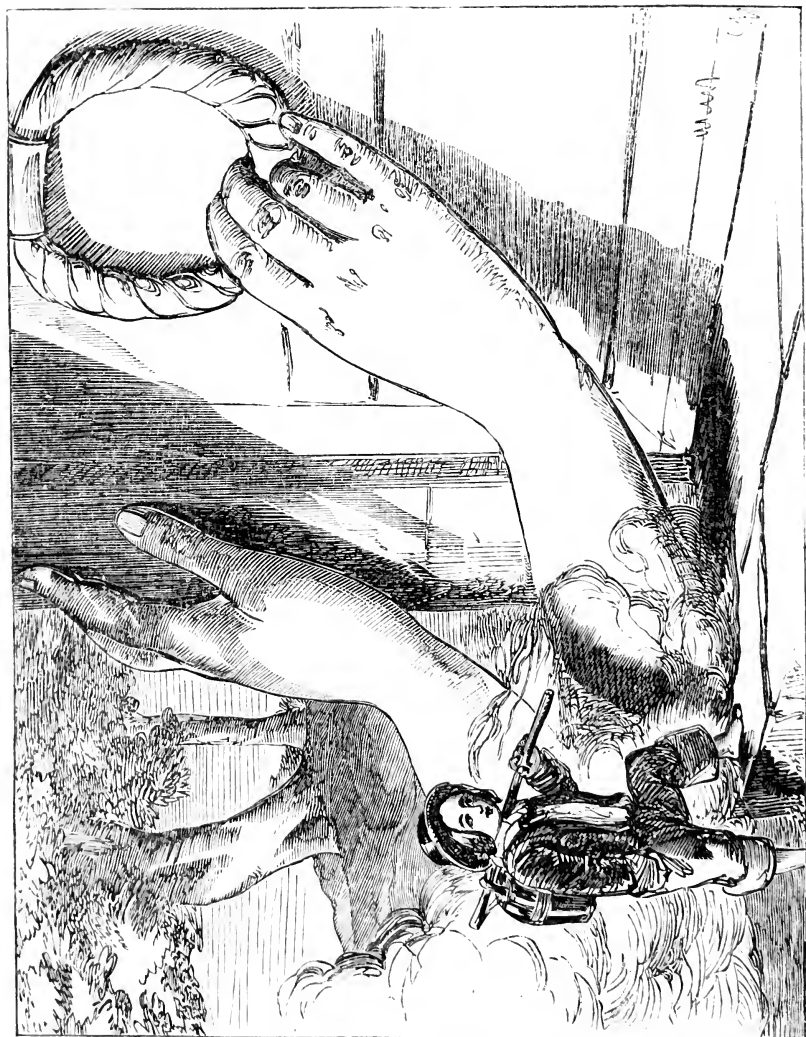
Pre-sent-ly, as he pass-ed through a val-ley which was la-den with the sweets of wild flow-ers that bloom-ed on ei-ther side, a cu-ri-ous and al-most trans-pa-rent flee-cy cloud ap-pear-ed a-cross his path, from which a-rose *two e-nor-mous hands*. He start-ed, and well he might, for he saw no-bo-dy be-long-ing to them: no, there they were, on-ly hands. There was no fear of them, for they were spread o-pen up-on the grass be-fore him with-out the slight-est ex-pres-sion of threat-en-ing in them.

As he stood ga-zing with won-der up-on them, a voice, which ap-pear-ed to pro-ceed from the cloud, said,—

“Wil-lie, be not a-fraid: I know the praise-wor-thy er-rand that you are on, and I come to be-friend you. Per-se-vere in your de-sire to be in-dus-tri-ous, and I will be e-ver rea-dy to as-sist you. I shall be in-vi-si-ble to all eyes but yours, and will work when the need ap-pears. Come on, then, and fear not; the road to suc-cess is o-pen to you, as it al-ways is to in-dus-tri-ous re-so-lu-tion.”

“Thank you, good hands,” said Wil-lie; “I am sure you mean me good, for I am too lit-tle for you to wish to harm.” The arms va-nish-ed, and Wil-lie pro-ceed-ed on his way.

He felt so re-as-su-red by this ex-tra-or-di-na-ry ad-ven-ture, which pro-mi-sed so well for his fu-ture suc-cess, that he leap-ed and dan-ced a-long his path with ex-cite-ment and de-light: he look-ed for-ward to no ob-sta-cle to stop him in his ca-reer, and he pur-su-ed his way re-joic-ing.



How-e-ver, as the day grew on, he slack-en-ed his pace, for the un-ac-cus-tom-ed fa-tigue be-gan to tell up-on his frame; so at last he threw him-self up-on the grass, and look-ed up-wards to the blue sky, and watch-ed the flee-cy clouds pur-sue each o-ther a-cross the bound-less ex-panse of the hea-vens. As he lay, half dream-ing, he thought he heard some-thing like the roll-ing of thun-der: he lis-ten-ed with great-er at-ten-tion, un-til he was as-sur-ed there was some cause in his close vi-ci-ni-ty for the un-u-su-al and cu-ri-ous sounds. He a-rose, and pro-ceed-ed to-wards the di-rec-tion of the sounds, which grew loud-er and loud-er as he ad-van-ced; when, com-ing to the edge of a pre-ci-pice, he be-held a grand and aw-ful rush of foam-ing wa-ters, which threw them-selves head-long down the riv-en rocks with a deaf-en-ing roar and tu-mult.

He look-ed from right to left, and his way seem-ed bar-red by this tre-men-dous ob-sta-cle. His heart fail-ed him as he saw how im-pos-si-ble it was for him to pro-ceed: in-deed, as he sat him-self down on the edge of the ca-ta-ract, he could not help weep-ing at his un-ex-pect-ed di-lem-ma.

He had not been ma-n-y mi-nutes in-dul-ging in his grief, when he felt him-self gent-ly lift-ed from the ground by a gi-gan-tic hand, which pass-ed him high a-bove the threat-en-ing wa-ters, and pla-ced him in safe-ty on the op-po-site bank. As the hand put him on his feet, it be-came in-dis-tinct; but be-fore it had quite van-ish-ed, Wil-lie took off his hat, and, bow-ing, said,—“Thank you kind-ly, good hand; you have kept your pro-misc well.”

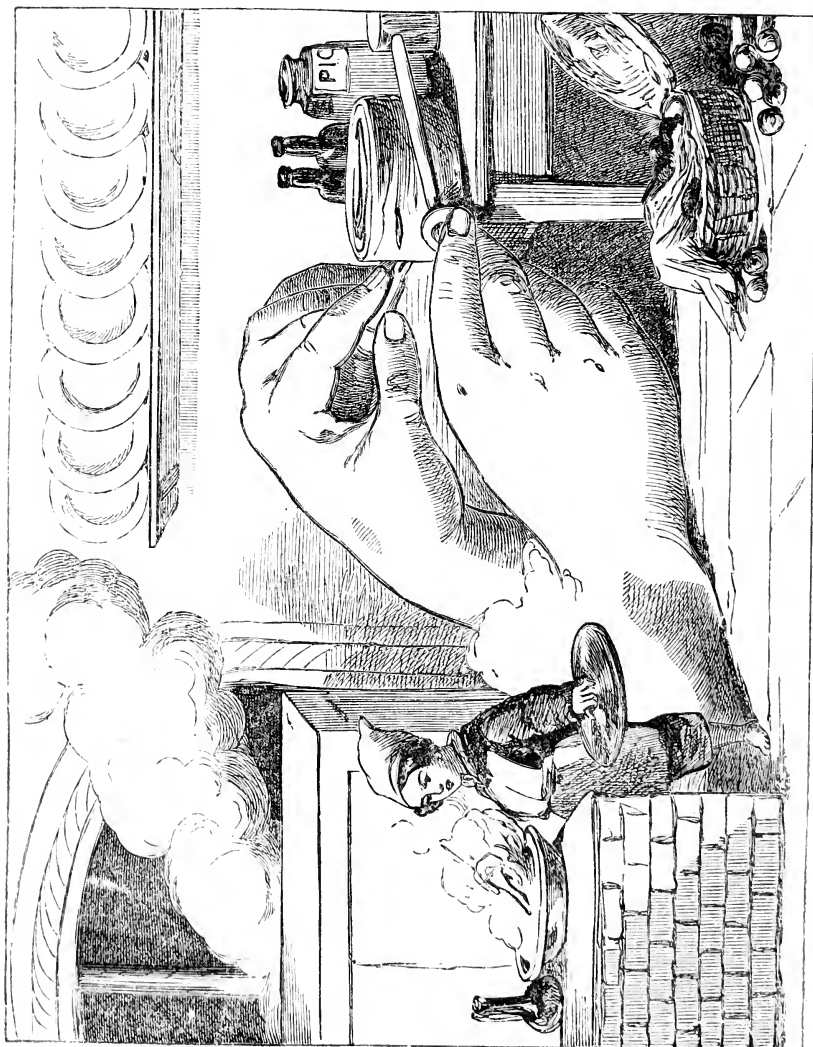


Cer-tain now that the fai-ry hands were not a dream, which he had real-ly be-gun to think them, his cou-rage rose with the con-vic-tion of the pro-tec-tion which sur-round-ed him from their great pow-er and good-will to-wards him.

He soon came to a dense wood, where the gi-gan-tic trees, with gnarl-ed and twist-ed trunks, wound their e-nor-mous limbs a-round each o-ther in the most fan-tas-tic forms, and the tan-gled un-der-wood twi-ned like snakes a-cross the path, as if to for-bid any ven-tu-rous foot from en-ter-ing into the dark green depths. He, how-e-ver, look-ed up-on all such ob-sta-cles as no-thing in com-pa-ri-son with the last which he had been en-a-bled to sur-mount with the as-sist-ance of the hands. So he plun-ged on, strik-ing right and left, to clear his way, with his good stick. As he was lay-ing a-bout with a right good will, he was brought to a stand-still by a fe-ro-ci-ous growl. He turn-ed his eyes a-round, and be-held, much to his dis-may, a fierce wolf pre-par-ing to spring up-on him. He shrank down with ter-ror as he look-ed up-on the white teeth and fi-e-ry eyes of the sa-vage brute, and gave him-self up for lost, when, to his joy, one of the great hands e-mer-ged from a-midst the thick fo-li-age of a tree, and pla-ced it-self be-tween him and his en-e-my; at the same time the o-ther hand seiz-ed the wolf, and crush-ed it in its grasp.

Wil-lie fell on his knees, and re-turn-ed thanks for his de-li-ver-ance; then, look-ing round for the hands, he found they had va-nish-ed.

Wea-ri-ed with his jour-ney, he sat down un-der a tree, de-



ter-min-ed to rest for the night; and pull-ing out his wal-let, pre-par-ed to re-fresh him-self with part of its con-tents, for he had scarce-ly eat-en any all day, so com-plete-ly had he been ta-ken up by the won-der-ful ap-pear-ance of the good hands.

Af-ter fi-nish-ing his meal, which he did with ex-ceed-ing rel-ish, he be-gan to turn o-ver in his mind how he was to make up his bed in his ve-ry large bed-cham-ber, for it ap-pear-ed as if he had got the great fo-rest all to him-self. When he had col-lect-ed a suf-fi-ci-en-cy of dri-ed leaves to-ge-ther to make his rest-ing place soft-er, he pre-par-ed to lie down, when, to his as-to-nish-ment and de-light, he be-held the gi-gan-tic hands spread them-selves over him, with the fin-gers en-twin-ed, ma-king for him the most per-fect lit-tle tent in the world. How his heart bound-ed with gra-ti-tude to-wards the good fai-ry hands, as he felt how safe-ly he might in-dulge in his slum-bers be-neath such pro-tec-tion!

“ Thank you a-gain, good hands,” said he, “ for your kind care of me; but be-fore I say my pray-ers, can-not you, since you are so pow-er-ful, tell me some-thing of my dear mo-ther—whe-ther she is more con-so-led, and whe-ther she has food to eat?”

“ Good Wil-lie,” re-plied a voice, “ your mo-ther knows that you will be pro-tect-ed, as all good chil-dren are; and she has food, for she is in-dus-tri-ous; her hands were giv-en to her from my king-dom, in which no i-dle hands are ever made, as you shall know from me here-after. Sleep, then, in peace, that you may rise pre-pa-red for la-bour on the com-ing morn.” So Wil-lie slept.





Wil-lie was ear-ly a-foot; for the day, ac-cord-ing to the hands, was to be a day of la-bour, with its fruits. He soon left the wood be-hind him, and saw a large cas-tle before him.

"Here, sure-ly, is some-thing to be done," thought he; so he leapt up the steps, and tri-ed to raise the knock-er, but it was too hea-vy for his pu-ny strength. In an in-stant the hands ap-pear-ed, and knock-ed such a dou-ble knock, that it e-cho-ed like thun-der through the val-ley, and you might have heard it rum-bling a-way on the dis-tant moun-tains.

The door o-pen-ed with a sud-den jerk, and the mis-tress of the man-sion ap-pear-ed. The mo-ment Wil-lie saw her, he back-ed down the steps, for she was an o-gress, and as ug-ly as o-gress-es ge-ne-ral-ly are. She gla-red up-on the lit-tle-man who she sup-po-sed had giv-en that great knock, with sur-prise and as-to-nish-ment; and then, in a voice like a ve-ry hoarse ra-ven, she cri-ed—

"How dar-ed you to knock like that at my door, you lit-tle var-let? You have put me all in a twit-ter."

Wil-lie trem-bling-ly took off his hat, and re-plied in an humble voice, "If you please, prin-cess, I wish-ed to know whe-ther you want-ed a ser-vant to as-sist in your mag-ni-fi-cent cas-tle."

"A ser-vant, brat!" said she; "what can you do?"

"Any-thing to please your high-ness, for I want to work."

"Oh, oh! do you? Then, come in, for my ser-vants have all left me be-cause I don't put my work out," said she.

With that, Wil-lie en-ter-ed, and soon found that he had plen-ty to do; for his first job was to get the o-gress's din-ner



ready, who, in truth, had no de-li-cate ap-pe-tite, for the pro-vi-si-on con-sist-ed of fish, fowl, beef, soup, mut-ton, and ham-pers of ve-ge-ta-bles.

He sigh-ed as he look-ed up-on such a-bun-dance, which would have di-ned sump-tu-ous-ly his own na-tive vil-lage. A-gain he sigh-ed: as he did so, the gi-ant hands ap-pear-ed. If you could on-ly have seen them truss this, skew-er that, boil the o-ther, turn out the sau-ces, pick the pic-kles, cut the bread, and put the dish-es to the fire, you would have been as-to-nish-ed, Wil-lie all the time do-ing all he knew to aid in the work.

The o-gress di-ned, and smi-led up-on her trea-sure of a ser-vant.

Self-in-dul-gent people are al-ways un-grate-ful; and so the o-gress pro-ved, for she was con-ti-nu-al-ly de-si-ring more and more at the hands of poor Wil-lie, un-til he had no rest: and, one day, when she had been more im-po-sing than u-su-al, he turn-ed round, and told her that she left him hard-ly time to sleep, and that her ap-pe-tite was fright-ful.

Could you have seen her face, you would have been as fright-en-ed as Wil-lie was.

"Lit-tle wretch!" scream-ed she, "I have half a mind to snap you up as I would the wing of a chick-en: and, re-mem-ber from this mo-ment, if my din-ner is short of what I de-sire, I will eat you to make up for what you have o-mit-ted."

"Then I shall leave you," said Wil-lie.

Rage made the face of the o-gress glow like a fur-nace, as she made a pounce at poor Wil-lie for his ill-ad-vis-ed speech; and she



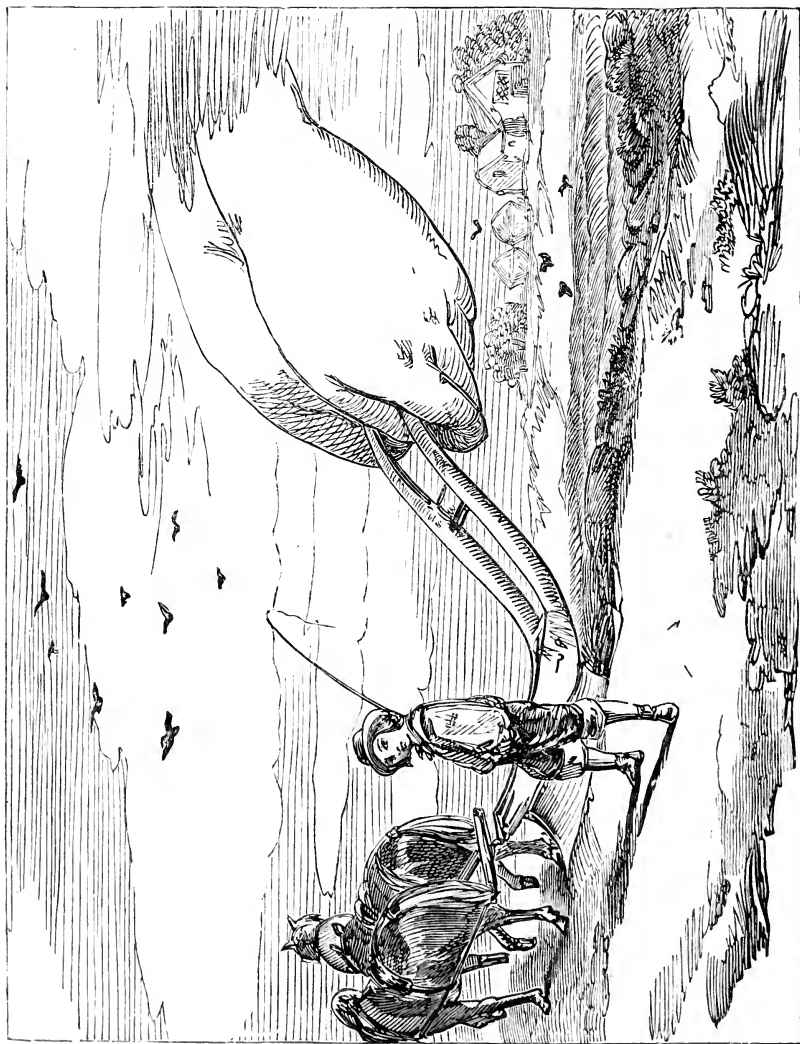
would have caught him in her gripe, had he not dod-ged round a large bun-dle of ve-ge-ta-bles which luck-i-ly lay on the floor. Round and round she went af-ter him, un-til he felt that he must be caught; when a ve-ry large hand grasp-ed her round the waist, and hur-ri-ed her, yell-ing, out of the kit-chen; Wil-lie fol-low-ing, re-turn-ing thanks for his de-li-ver-ance. They came to a large win-dow which o-pen-ed to the sea: the hand thrust the o-gress out, and held her ex-tend-ed o-ver the roll-ing waves.

“Mercy! mercy!” groan-ed the o-gress, as she gaz-ed upon the aw-ful depth be-neath her.

The hand gra-du-al-ly re-lax-ed its hold; and the o-gress, with one des-pair-ing cry, whirl-ed o-ver and o-ver, and fell with such a plump in-to the sea, that the spray flew o-ver the high-est tow-er, and the fish-es swam a-way in ter-ror. She went down, down, down: but never came up, up, up.

Wil-lie ran out of the front door; and when he got to the mar-gin of the sea, he turn-ed his eye to the waves, ex-pect-ing every mo-ment to see the head of the dread-ful o-gress pop up a-gain; but it did not. He saw the good hands fol-low-ing him: they plun-ged in-to the sea close at his feet; he jump-ed in-to the palm of one, and seat-ed him-self. Be-tween the fin-ger and thumb of each hand was one of his cook-ing forks, stuck through two of the o-gress’s ve-ry best hand-ker-chiefs, which made ve-ry ad-mi-ra-ble sails, catch-ing the wind, and waft-ing him a-long o-ver the sea as well as the fi-nest ship e-ver built.

As the moon rose, it found him safe-ly land-ed and snug under the roof of a good farm-er who had pro-mi-sed him work



—ay, e-ven as much as he could do: but the farm-er did not know the trea-sure he pos-sess-ed, for the next morn-ing lit-tle Wil-lie was work-ing in his shirt-sleeves in the corn-field reap-ing and shear-ing as much as two men, and stout ones too, could do in a long day. But there, un-der the shel-ter of the high corn, were the friend-ly hands work-ing mi-ra-cles; ga-ther-ing up the corn, and put-ting it in-to sheaves in a man-ner that could not be e-qual-led by mor-tal hands.

Wil-lie whistl-ed, and cut a-way, not-with-stand-ing the burn-ing heat of the sun: his sic-kle glis-ten-ed, and the corn fell in such long sweeps that I do be-lieve it was as ma-gi-cal as the hands them-selves.

The long-est day will, how-e-ver, have an end: but when Wil-lie's first day wa-ned, the farm-er was struck with as-to-nish-ment at be-hold-ing the gold-en rows of hea-vy corn, stand-ing for his ad-mi-ra-tion in the well ti-ed sheaves. He look-ed from the lit-tle man to the fruits of his la-bour, and pro-mi-sed to him-self to do his best to se-cure so va-lu-a-ble a ser-vant.

“Oh, oh!” said the farm-er, “if he can reap so well, per-haps he can plough:” so ac-cord-ing-ly the next morn-ing found lit-tle Wil-lie as a plough-man. But how could he know how to do it? any one would say. Why, the hands guid-ed the plough; and the lands were plough-ed in fur-rows as straight as the flight of an ar-row sped by the strong-est arm.

The farm-er watch-ed from his win-dow, but the hands were in-vi-si-ble to his eyes: he saw the plough cut its way un-err-ing-ly

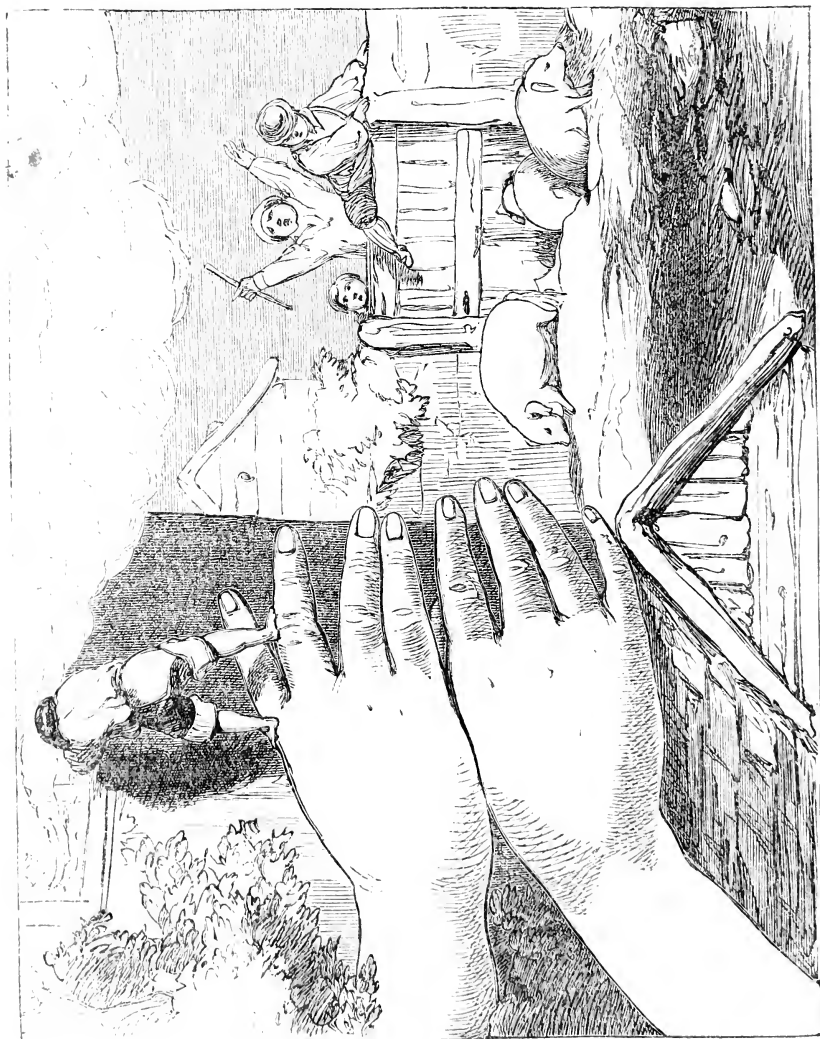




in-to the bo-som of the earth, in a man-ner that sur-pri-sed e-ven his ex-pe-ri-ence, and he a-gain bless-ed his good for-tune that had giv-en him such a won-der-ful lit-tle la-bour-er.

Wil-lie sat at the board of the good farm-er, who thought he could not make too much of him, for he was grate-ful to the in-dus-tri-ous youth, who seem-ed to take plea-sure in work-ing for the in-ter-est of his mas-ter. Time roll-ed on, and Wil-lie be-came quite head man, for it was found that he could be en-trust-ed with any-thing. One day, when he was out on the moun-tains, where he had gone to ga-ther the flocks for the shear-ing, heavy storms came on, and the floods de-lu-ged the val-ley, sweep-ing the flocks and the herds a-way in their head-long course. Wil-lie wise-ly kept his charge upon the moun-tain's side un-til the wa-ters had in some de-gree sub-si-ded; but he was a-larm-ed when he de-scend-ed in-to the val-leys to find that, in ma-n-y pla-ces, the wa-ter was im-pass-a-ble to his charge. As he stood in deep thought, the gi-ant hands spread them-selves over the tur-bid wa-ters, form-ing the most per-fect bridge im-a-gin-a-ble. He drove the sheep a-cross with-out fear, and reach-ed his mas-ter's house in safe-ty, much to the joy of all, who had giv-en him up for lost.

As Wil-lie lay down that night, full of gra-ti-tude for his great good for-tune, and think-ing of his home, to which he knew he should so soon re-turn to take hap-pi-ness to his fond mo-ther, he was sud-den-ly a-rous-ed by screams of ter-ror and cries of a-larm. He jump-ed from his bed, and put-ting on his clothes, rush-ed in-to the farm-yard, where, to his hor-ror, he

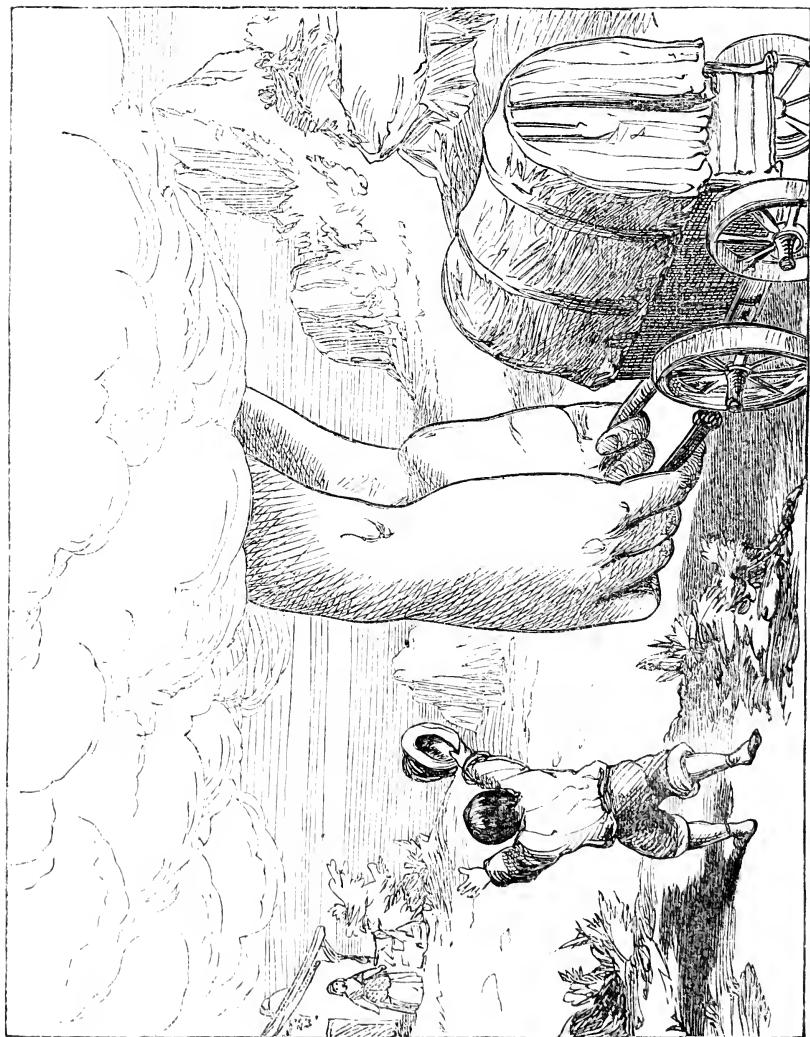


be-held his good mas-ter wring-ing his hands, and a-ban-don-ed to grief; for the flames were fast de-vour-ing his peace-ful house, and, worse than all, they had reach-ed the cham-ber of his fa-vour-ite daugh-ter, whom he had in vain at-tempt-ed to res-cue, for no lad-der could reach her win-dow, and the stair-case had long been burnt. Wil-lie look-ed on in des-pair, for he could de-vise no means to save the poor child; when sud-den-ly the gi-ant hands ap-pear-ed, and plac-ing them-selves a-against the side of the house, form-ed a lad-der, up which Wil-lie sprang with-out the least he-si-ta-tion. In a few mo-ments he gain-ed the suf-fo-cat-ing cham-ber of the girl, and fold-ing her in his arms, rush-ed down the friend-ly hands, and pla-ced her, un-harm-ed, in the em-brace of her des-pair-ing fa-ther.

\* \* \* \* \*

A hea-vi-ly la-den wag-gon creaks along the wind-ing road, co-ver-ed with a tilt as white as snow; but what has it in-side? You can peep and see: beau-ti-ful ta-bles and chairs, and sides of ba-con, and geese and chick-ens, and fair round chees-es, and rolls of gold-en but-ter, with white eggs peep-ing through the bars of their wick-er pris-on. Where is the wag-gon go-ing? To mar-ket, per-haps: ask the youth who is trudg-ing by its side, with a smil-ing, hap-py face, rud-dy with health and the warm tinge of the sun.

Why, I de-clare that it is Wil-lie, grown quite stout and strong! Where is he go-ing with that well-stored wag-gon, which real-ly has no hor-ses to draw it, and yet it goes for-ward



at a pret-ty pace? Why, I do be-lieve that the gi-ant hands are drag-ging it along!

It is Wil-lie, in-deed; and, joy-ous mo-ment! he is go-ing home. In his pock-et he has much bright sil-ver, the pro-duce of his la-bour: the con-tents of the wag-gon shows the farm-er's gra-ti-tude to Wil-lie for his promp-ti-tude, en-er-gy, and in-dus-try; and, more than all, for his risk-ing his life to save that of his dar-ling child.

At last the cot-tage path is reach-ed. His mo-ther is stand-ing at the gate: Wil-lie shouts; such a heart-y shout! His mo-ther looks up-on him, but can-not speak: he is soon in her arms.

That night they sat late be-side their blaz-ing hearth: a-midst the smoke might now be seen a large well-filled pot bub-bling with some-thing more than wa-ter in it.

How much Wil-lie had to tell his mo-ther of his la-bour, and what he ow-ed to the won-der-ful gi-ant hands, pre-serv-ing him through all dan-gers, and e-ver yield-ing him as-sist-ance!

Wil-lie's mo-ther smi-led up-on him, as he con-clu-ded his nar-ra-tive, with a kiss.

"Dear child," said she, "you have been in-deed for-tu-nate; but you were de-serv-ing. That which ap-pears to you as a mi-ra-cle is none. Those gi-ant hands have been known to ma-n-y: their pow-er is e-nor-mous; they al-ways as-sist the will-ing and the good; the re-ward they be-stow is cer-tain; they are the pow-er-ful *hands of In-dus-try*."















